This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

The miscellaneous poetic works of E. Cummins

Edward Cummins

Net 4/-

Scarce

Sir Benjamin Morris.

Waterford.

280 f.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MISCELLANEOUS

POETIC WORKS

OF

E. CUMMINS,

(BETTER KNOWN BY THE NAME OF)

THE

YOUNG HIBERNIAN;

Dedicated, by Permission,

TO HIS GRACE

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD,

Late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

A little leisure, to the Muse, pray lend,
Each leisure moment, is the Muse's friend;
Permit, my Friends, that my unpolish'd Lays,
May hope for pardon, tho' they fail to please.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY JOHN BARLOW,
29, BOLTON-STREET.

1808.

Digitized by Google

BODLEIAN
14 7 1915
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

TO HIS GRACE

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD,

Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of

IRELAND.

My Lord,

By permitting me to dedicate the first offering of my Juvenile Muse to your Grace, you confer an honor on me, of which I am totally undeserving, but which I shall ever remember with gratitude. The subjects I have chosen to begin my Work with, I hope, will be approved of by all, as they are men who have contributed to the preservation of their country; some of whom bled in her defence, and others of them were, and are her only bulwarks. Such subjects, my Lord, I think, no person will be offended at, except, that I cannot do their cha-

Digitized by Google

racters sufficient justice.—I think, that there will be three things in my favor; namely, youth and inexperience; and next, that my lays are free: No, I never yet stooped to the mercenary hireling,—the hired traducer of his country,—or the smooth-toned hypocrite!—I never did, and I hope never shall, but always say, I sung the deeds of the heroes of my Country, and tuned my Harp in a land of FREEDOM.

MY LORD, I conclude, by wishing, that every blessing attendant on smiling virtue, wisdom, love of fame, peace and plenty, may attend your Grace, and your lovely Consort, which is, and shall be the prayer of

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obliged,
obedient, and
most honored Servant,

EDWARD CUMMINS,
Aged 14.

GRANBY-ROW,
March 5, 1807.

Digitized by Google

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CRITIC, AUTHOR, AND BOOK.

CRITIC.

AH! Young Hibernian——hold, unpolish'd Poet?
And ere you sing your subject—scan and know it;
A gentle easy subject, is more fit,
For a young Poet, to try his infant wit;
The Bard, that strives above his force to soar,
May strain himself—but he can rise no more.
Know'st thou what it is, to praise a NELSON's fame?
What wou'd a RUSSEL, or a LENOX claim?
Can'st thou depict with artificial skill,
An Erinian senate, waiting on their will!
No,—these are acts too weighty—too sublime;
Then be advis'd, and the great task decline.

Digitized by Google

AUTHOR.

I wont decline——the task I'll strive to fill,
And once more try my infant skill;
Tho' you and others, leagued, with jealous rage,
Should all combine, to damn my youthful page.

BOOK.

Ah! don't be so rough,
You have now said enough,
Take care of the Critic's fierce ire;
For may be they would,
As you know that they could,
Cram unfortunate me——in the fire.

CRITIC.

Far be it from me, Poet, for to wage
A war with you, or put you in a rage,
Or otherwise, to damn your youthful page;
But like a friend, I come to give advice,
Then in attention, be peculiar—nice;
You now are going, like a sailor brave,
To shores unknown upon the stormy wave;

'Tis

Digitized by Google

'Tis then but right, that you would take on board,
A skilful pilot, that knows well the road ;
Or if you don't, by Critic storms tost,
On rocks unseen, believe me you'll be lost.

AUTHOR.

Alas ! my Book, I now must weep for you,
If all I hear, is really sacred, true ;
That Critics fierce, are used, for many ages,
Without remorse, to damn an Author's pages ;
Except his thoughts are surely quite divine,
Enlighten'd by the bright celestial NINE ;
But of the two, we'd better boldly stay,
Than Frenchman-like, to cowardly run away ;
Then let us stop—like Irishmen scorn to fly,
We'll live triumphant, or victorious die.

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

IN these few pages, the eye of impartiality will undoubtedly meet with many errors, for which I have no shield but youth to guard me against. There are numbers, I know, who will never consider that—they would rather consider the youth of an *Actor* than that of an *Author!* There are many also, who will judge of the tree by its fruit; but, even the most productive and beauteous of trees, their first produce may not be palatable, nor would they ever come to perfection, without the aid of the skilful gardener—So with me, my next attempt may be more smooth and palatable, when ripened by the sun-beams of experience and judgment, and nurtured under the friendly protection of a generous

Digitized by Google

nerous Public, better known for its generosity than I can describe. To this Public I now appeal, and put myself under its protection, and hope that any faults that may be seen (now or hereafter) will be overlooked, at least corrected with as light a hand as possible; which if done, I shall think myself highly favored, as I likewise know how unworthy I am of it.

I conclude, by thanking the Public in general for their support, and remain,

their obedient, and

grateful Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Digitized by Google

TO THE

NOBILITY AND GENTRY

WHO HAVE HONORED ME WITH THEIR PATRONAGE.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS,

FOR by no other title can I address you: I am happy, at length, to have it in my power, after so many delays, to present you with the first offerings of my Juvenile Muse, and beg that you will overlook any little errors, which I fear, you will undoubtedly perceive in the perusal of these pages, with an eye of gentleness. To you, my friends, I appeal—you are my patrons; you have supported me by your interest in every degree. To you I appeal then—my character

Digitized by Google

character has been severely injured by the reports circulated against it, and that undeservedly, by persons whom I am sure I never offended, at least, if I did, not intentionally. They reported, I did not intend to publish my Work, and that I intended keeping the subscription money; and after their malice was tired of inventing falshoods, they publicly posted written Labels upon different parts of the town, purporting, "that the Young Hibernian, through unavoidable misfortunes, could not publish his Work, and requests the honor of his Subscribers at Mr. John Barlow's, Bolton-street.

Many gentlemen called at my Printer's, and when they found it was false, they desisted; however, I am certain that this, and many other reports, have lessened my character in the eyes of the Public, but I hope any person who will take the trouble of looking over this, will try me before they condemn me.

To the Nobility and Gentry, my Friends and the Public in general, I return my sincere, thanks, particularly to those who have assisted to shield my character from foul-eyed malice—I be-

Digitized by Google

beg of them to accept my thanks—thanks that are given from a heart overwhelmed with gratitude. May all-bounteous Heaven, pour down its choicest blessings on this, and the sister Isle, and may their inhabitants be united together in the bonds of everlasting friendship, which is, and shall be the constant prayer of

Your ever grateful,

and very humble Servant,

EDWARD CUMMINS.

N. B. For the List of Subscribers, Table of Contents, &c, see Conclusion.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Lord Viscount Nelson.

DUKE OF BRONTE. K.B.

Digitized by Google

ODE

On the Death of Lord Viscount

NELSON *

DUKE OF BRONTE, AND K. B.

Who gloriously fell at Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805.

EMBELLISHED WITH A LIKENESS.

[*The Author's first poetical attempt on any Subject.*]

THOU Muse, to whom the monumental wreath,
To whom the Cypress and the Grave belong,
Aid me to sing the victory of death,
And thou, Britannia, listen to the song.

No

* About the middle of the action with the combined Fleets on 21st of Oct. Lord Nelson was on the quarter deck, where he resolved to

Digitized by Google

No common impulse, heavenly Maid, impart,
No common subject moves the plaintive lay,
But such as might inspire the hardest heart
In shades of melancholy Thought to stray.

From

take his station. During the battle, a few minutes before he was wounded, Mr. Bourke was near him; his Lordship looked stedfastly at him and said, "I expect that every man will be at his station." Mr. B. took the hint, and went to his station in the cockpit.

At this time his Lordship's Secretary, Mr. Scott, who was not, as has been represented, either receiving directions from him, or standing by him, but was communicating some orders to an officer at a distant part of the quarter deck, was cut almost in two by a cannon shot; he expired on the instant, and was thrown over board.

Lord Nelson observed the act of throwing his Secretary over board, and said, as if doubtful, to a midshipman who was near him, "Is that Scott?" The midshipman replied, he believed it was; on which his Lordship exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" He was now up the quarter deck, the space he usually walked before he turned back. His Lordship was in the act of turning, with his face towards the enemy, when he was mortally wounded by a musket ball, supposed to be fired from the mizen mast of the Santissima Trinidada, which the Victory had attacked early in the battle. His Lordship instantly fell. He was not, as has been related, picked up by Captain Hardy in the hurry of the battle, which was then raging in its greatest violence. The fall of their beloved Commander did not interrupt the business of the quarter deck. Two sailors, however, who were near his Lordship, raised him in their arms, and carried him into the cockpit. He was immediately laid upon a bed, and the following is the substance of the conversation which really took place between Mr. Bourke, Lord Nelson, Captain Hardy, and Mr. Beatty:

Upon seeing him brought down, Mr. Bourke immediately ran to him, saying, "I fear your Lordship is wounded."

Nelson!——Mortally! mortally!

I hope

Digitized by Google

From ev'ry son of Liberty below,
But chief, from Albion's once exalted shore,
To day the undissembled tear shall flow,—
NELSON! th' immortal Hero! is no more!

I hope not, my dear Lord, exclaimed Bourke; let Mr. Beatty examine your wounds. It is of no use, replied the dying Nelson, he had much better attend to others.

Mr. Beatty now approached to examine the wound. His Lordship was raised up; and Beatty, whose attention was fixed upon the eyes of his patient, as an indication the most certain when a wound is mortal, after a few moments glanced his eyes upon Bourke, and expressed his opinion in his countenance. Lord Nelson now turned to Bourke and said,——"Tell Hardy to come to me."——Bourke left the cockpit. Beatty now exclaimed, suffer me, my Lord, to probe the wound with my finger, I will give you no pain. Lord Nelson permitted him, and pressing his left hand around his waist, he probed it with the fore finger of his right.

When Bourke returned into the cockpit with Captain Hardy, Lord Nelson exclaimed, "Kiss me, Hardy." Captain Hardy kissed his cheek, and said, I hope your Lordship will still live to enjoy your triumph; upon which the dying Hero said, "Never, Hardy, I am dying; all is over with me. Bring the fleet to anchor; you all have done your duty. God bless you." Captain Hardy now said, I suppose Collingwood, my dear Lord, will command the fleets. "Never, whilst I live," exclaimed he. Meaning, doubtless, that whilst ever his gallant spirit survived, he would never desert his duty. What passed after was merely casual. His Lordship's last words to Mr. Beatty whilst expiring were chiefly these: *I could have wished to have lived to enjoy this,—but God's will be done.* My Lord, said Hardy, you die in the midst of triumph. "Do I, Hardy?" He smiled faintly, and exclaimed "God be praised!" He expired without a struggle.

Digitized by Google

He whose exalted soul with every grace,
With genius, wit, and heroic virtue shone;
On whose wise conduct as a stable base
A mighty Empire plac'd her hopes alone.

Ah, sad reverse! yet not for him we mourn,
Whose Soul, ambitious, shakes its dross away,
And flies to meet its virtues' sure return
In the bright regions of eternal day.

Lo! sad Britannia drops a briny tear,
While VICTORY sits pensive by her side,
Prone to the dust descends her martial spear,
Nor doth she in her trusty shield confide.:

But towards TRAFALGAR, her trembling eye
With ire indignant turns upon the foe;
Her chrystal river glides unheeded by,
And thus to VICTORY she breathes her woe:

" Ah, Sister! aid with sympathetic care,
" To chase the horrors of despair away;—
" Assist, while funeral trophies I prepare
" To deck my dear departed NELSON's clay.

" Now, tho' victorious o'er my NELSON's bier,
" I praise his virtues, yet lament the day
" Which makes a feeling nation drop a tear
" For NELSON's fate in Trafalgar's fam'd bay.

" If

Digitized by Google

" If from the tomb illustrious deeds could save,
" If matchless virtue stay'd the fleeting breath,
" If eloquence could close the gaping grave,
" Or wisdom blunt the cruel darts of death:

" Still had the voice of NELSON glory fir'd,
" New laurels won to deck the British name;—
" A generous race to martial deeds inspir'd,
" And NELSON liv'd, immortal as his fame.

" It shall not be—My NELSON liv'd to show
" What talents can adorn the human mind;
" He liv'd to let aspiring mortals know
" That *brightest talents are to Death consign'd.*

" For thee the Vet'ran who in dreadful war
" Led by thy Genius first aspir'd to Fame,
" With weeping eye shall mark each glorious scar,
" And tell how nations trembled at thy name."

Thus ceas'd the Fair;—Then to the sacred fane
With melancholy heart they wing their way;
And join, invisible, the mourning train
Which meet to honor NELSON'S lifeless clay.

But cease, my Muse, nor wanton in his praise
Whose merits still thy feeble grasp elude;
NELSON shall live the theme of nobler lays,
While sea-girt Britain smiles above the flood.

Yet, ere we lay the fav'rite subject by,
And quite resign the elegiac pen,
Shall the sad Muse proclaim him with a sigh,
The last of Britons, and the first of men!

Digitized by Google

EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH

OF

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

UNHALLOW'D hands—away! this tomb forbear,
But weep in silence and with wonder stare,
Now learn the sad, the dismal tale in brief,
This tomb contains Britannia's naval Chief.

Astonish'd Nile, still dreads his thund'ring roar,
Since Gaul's grand fleet, he strew'd on Egypt's shore;
With conquests crown'd, to Heaven, in fine, our tar,
On Victory's wings, soar'd up from *Trafalgar*.

Britons no longer stand in deep amaze,
But join with me in Nelson's deathless praise,
An infant bard now strives to sing his fame,
And on your hearts t' impress brave Nelson's name.

Digitized by Google

EULOGIUM

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

NELSON,

WHO LIVED TO CONQUER, AND IN GLORY DIED.

IMMORTAL NELSON! exalted Conqueror!
Peace to thy manes! peace to the shade of a beloved, departed Hero.
Thy memory will be embalmed in the bosom of thy Countrymen,
and thy fair and glorious actions be recorded in the Temple of Fame.
Illustrious shade!
To piety, valor, and consummate skill,
thou hast established an adamantine claim.
Bedewed by the tears of thy sorrowful countrymen,
with the drooping countenance of regret,
and with the deep-fetched sigh of BRITANNIA
for the loss of her endeared
Favorite, Friend and Protector,
wilt thou be mourned for ages;
HIBERNIAN poets will compose thy funeral dirge,
and Britons, with ever-warm affection,
chaunt thy praise.

Digitized by Google

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

EMBELLISHED WITH A LIKENESS.

Of admiration he no more appears:
No more a nation's plaudits strike his ears.

He's gone! alas! great PITT from earth is fled,
Our British Cato's number'd with the dead:
That breast where every patriot virtue glow'd,
That form where Nature every grace bestow'd,
That tongue which bade in Freedom's cause combine,
Truth, learning, sense, and eloquence divine;
The healing hand, which rais'd the drooping head,
Of sad Britannia from her languid bed,
Is now no more—All wrapt in sacred fire,
At Liberty's exalted shrine expire:
While the great spirit, which the whole inform'd,
Glow'd in his breast, and ev'ry feature warm'd;
Mounts 'mid the shock to its own native heaven,
Where constant plaudits to his deeds are given.

Me-thinks I see the solemn pomp ascend,
See every Patriot his lov'd shade attend:

Immortal

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Rt. Hon.

WILLIAM PITT.

Sure God like Pitt upon thy Natal hour
—— Some star Propitious shed its genial pow'r.

Digitized by Google

Immortal NELSON, leads the awful band,
While WOLF and ABERCROMBIE near him stand.
With him each hero, and heroine whose name
Stands high recorded in the roll of Fame,
Around him press, and hail with glad applause
Death's early victim, chief of Britain's laws.
With gen'rous hearts, the laurel crown they twine,
And round his brows they bind the wreath divine.
O gen'rous Fate! which bids the gloomy grave
Throw wide the gates of Triumph to the brave.

Sure, God-like PITT, upon thy natal hour
Some star propitious shed its genial pow'r.
By Nature's hand, with taste, with genius form'd,
Thy gen'rous breast with ev'ry virtue warm'd;
Thy mind endued with sense, thy form with grace,
And all thy virtues painted in thy face.
Grave Wisdom mark'd thee for her fav'rite child,
And on thy youth indulgent Science smil'd:
Well pleas'd, she led thee to her sacred bower,
And to thy hands consign'd her healing pow'r:
Still more to bless thee, soothing friendship strove,
And bade thee share a George, and Britain's love.
With them united in thy country's cause,
Thou stood'st the brave asserter of her laws.

While ever watchful for thy Country's weal,
No arts could warp, no danger damp thy zeal.
Thy grateful country, to thy virtues just,
To thee committed each important trust;

Call'd

Digitized by Google

Call'd thee o'er all her Counsels to preside,
And, 'midst the storm, the helm of state to guide.
Equal to all, alike in all you shin'd
The Patriot, Friend, and Counsellor combin'd.
Heaven saw thy virtues to perfection soar,
Till Nature fail'd, and Earth could bear no more—
Approving saw—and burst the bonds of clay
Which stay'd thy passage to the realms of day;
Bade Liberty and Honor guard thy Grave,
And countless thousands for thy mourners gave.

And dare we then thy sacred triumph mourn,
Or with the tears of grief prophane thy urn?
Illustrious shade! forgive the mingled woes,
Which not for thee, but for our country flows,
We mourn her loss, we mourn our Hero gone,
We mourn thy patriot, god-like virtue flown;
But O! from yon bright realms vouchsafe to bend
On us thy looks, and to our fate attend.
Thy country's angel guardian deign to prove,
And watch around us with thy wonted love.

ODE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Rt. Hon.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

How few like Fox, shall sad Britania find.
With heart Sincere and Dignity of Mind:

Digitized by Google

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

EMBELLISHED WITH A LIKENESS.

He was a man, take him for all in all;
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

'Tis done—and Fate has giv'n the final blow,
Behold the solemn lethargy of woe!
Awful, the sad procession moves along,
What consternation, strikes the silent throng!
Enough, alas! has this poor Land been try'd;
While Virtue bled when the great Hero died—
How long shall our afflicted Country groan?
How long its crimes, thus dreadfully atone!
One Patriot's scarce the product of an age,
And shall not One, Heaven's vengeful wrath assuage!
How rarely is one Nation blest with two?
O Death! shall both at once become thy due!

Thus

Digitized by Google

Thus mourn'd—O Liberty, thy ruin'd cause,
And heroes dying with expiring laws;
For who remain'd such horrors to dispel,
When Cato perish'd, or when Brutus fell?
How few like Fox, shall sad Britannia find,
With heart sincere and dignity of mind!
Where public and domestic virtues blend,
Humble, yet great—a statesman, yet a friend.
Self-rais'd, with independent worth he shone,
Immortaliz'd by merits all his own;
True to his King, and to his Country just,
Titles that long survive the marble bust.

Great Spirit, born o'er senates to preside,—
Who now shall stem Oppression's barbarous tide?
Who now shall tread thy gen'rous paths to fame,
And leave unsully'd an immortal name?
Who shall our int'rests or our dangers know,
And providently ward the coming blow!
Whatever province gave th' immediate call,
With skill you manag'd, and excell'd in all.
At thy lov'd name—rever'd illustrious Shade,
Cold chilling horrors ev'ry heart invade.

Hail—glorious Being! thro' life's various scene
What mortal e'er preserv'd so just a mean!
Ye mortal Gods, imperial great ones, see
No human grandeur from the grave is free.
But thou bright mind, dart forth th' effulgent ray,
Look from the regions of eternal day—

This

Digitized by Google

This humble tribute, honor'd shade, receive
The last, the last, a grateful soul can give!
Vainly officious—while thy glories bloom
For ever fresh, and consecrate thy tomb;
Still execute thy charge by Heav'n's command,
Preside the guardian angel of our land.
Protect us still—till in the general blaze
Thy name on earth is lost, and time decays.

Digitized by Google

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS FOX.

STAY, reader! stay, here lies an honest man;
Let Spite and Envy murmur all they can.
A glorious chief, protector of our isle,
Whose heart detested fraud and hateful guile;
Whose mien was noble, with a generous mind,
His country's father,—friend of human kind:
Whose principles were fix'd as Alpine rocks,
His country's pillar, fam'd, illustrious Fox.

ODE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

His Grace the Duke of Leinster

Digitized by Google

ODE

ON THE DEATH

of the late lamented

DUKE OF LEINSTER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A LIKENESS.

OH, hark! the widows' dismal cries,
Now weeping for their hero's fall;
" Alas! th' illustrious Leinster dies!
" While Fame awaits to bear his pall."

" Ah! we are undone" the orphan cries,
Clasping his mother to his breast,
" O then! O then! my dada dies!
" For such was Leinster to th' oppress'd."

" He's gone, alas!" the gen'ral cry,
" Leinster, the father of the poor!
" Him the grim tyrant doom'd to die,
" And all obey his summons sure."

" But as he's gone, let us prepare each day,
" And be convinc'd that sooner yet or later,
" Both friends and foes must moulder into clay,
" And all appear before their great Creator."

Digitized by Google

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

DUKE OF LEINSTER.

YE Sons of Erin stand in deep amaze,
Now cease your sprightly airs and songs of praise;
Attend and listen to the orphan's cries,
For in this tomb your rever'd LEINSTER lies!
The brave, the gen'rous Leinster is no more,
The pride, the guardian of his native shore.
He's gone, alas! unto that fatal bourne,
"From which no traveller doth e'er return."
Now weep, alas! he surely is no more
Lately the pillar of his native shore.
Brave Leinster's name in praises we will sing;
In lofty strains responsive Echoes ring.

ODE

Digitized by Google

ODE

ON THE

LATE UNFORTUNATE

ROBERT E————T, Esq.

The Dupe of Folly.

ALAS! poor E——t; now thou art no more!
How sad thy fate! how premature thy lot!
Who wert the flowret of thy native shore,
Whose memory shall never be forgot.

Thou wert the genius of Hibernia's land,
Whose wisdom far surpass'd thy youthful years,
Till curst Dissention landed on her strand,
And fill'd this Isle with wretchedness and tears.

Tho' wrong thy purpose; yet thy bosom swell'd
With motives pure as fair Aurora's light,
Till brave Kilwarden was by rebels fell'd,—
And all must pity that they were not right.

Digitized by Google

May Heaven's dire wrath for e'er attend the cause
That did thy truly noble soul beguile ;
Thou wouldst not fall 'neath Death's relentless jaws,
But still in peace and happiness might'st smile.

Adieu, my Hero, may your ashes rest
In peaceful bliss, for noble deeds the boon,
Now let Hibernia sing thy spirit bless'd,
And crown with sweetest flowers thy mournful tomb.

ODE

Digitized by Google

ODE

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND*,

THE LATE

Mr. Walsh.

An only Friend—sweet soother of my care.

LET Gratitude, that god-like virtue, speak,
Let Truth declare what justice can't conceal,
Let true respect, in words, alas! too weak,
The many virtues of a friend reveal.

A friend indeed, a father to the poor,
When want apply'd he no distinction knew;
Rejoic'd he flew to shut oppression's door:
Many he cheer'd, and thought the many few.

His

* A gentleman whose well known goodness and humanity deserves every praise that my poor pen can give. It was the ever to be remembered 1803, when the spirit of discord so much prevailed, that this gentleman served as high sheriff for the city of Dublin; and its inhabitants may well remember his loyalty and clemency. Affection on my part must close the scene;—all I can give is gratitude to his memory.

Digitized by Google

His word a bond,—engag'd in friendship's cause;
His noble soul coul ne'er that word neglect;
His honor pledg'd, adher'd to honor's laws,
Fair Innocence e'er ready to protect.

To duty strict, with upright zeal, sincere,
On scripture grounds he ever wish'd to go;
So great his worth that ages shall revere:—
What one hand gave the other did not know.

To death resign'd, the thorny road he trod,
That rugged road, sure passage to the blest;
The conflict o'er, he met his gracious God,
A God with whom he found his soul at rest.

ON

Digitized by Google

ON THE

DEATH

OF A

YOUNG LADY.

AS She was once, few of her sex you'll see ;
As She is now, the brightest maid shall be.
She liv'd to die, who dying yet shall live,
While honor, truth, or gratitude survive.
Her eyes on ev'ry eye diffus'd delight,
And nothing but her goodness shone more bright.
Beauty to virtue smil'd a soft'ning grace,
And virtue gave new beauty to her face.
She prais'd all worth, unconscious of her own,
And thought, with so much merit, she had none.
Her life while living, was the justest plan ;
She charm'd as woman, and she thought as man.

Digitized by Google

ODE

ON THE DEATH

OF

LORD ALEXANDER GORDON.

YE tender Maids of far-fam'd Scotia's Isle,
Whose tear at tales of sorrow 's known to flow;
No more look gay, no more attempt to smile,
But droop your heads in silent grief and woe.

Ye blooming roses and ye lilies fair,
And all ye flowers once esteem'd so high,
No longer thrive, but fraught with deep despair,
Your sympathizing pity testify.

Ye feathered choir no more distend your throats,
In cheerful songs no more attempt to sing;
But, sad reverse, now let your pensive notes
With solemn dirges make the vallies ring.

Lo Scotia's sensibility and grief!
Lo, in her looks her sorrows deep are read,
For hope is vain since nought can bring relief,
Her brightest treasure, NOBLE GORDON's dead.

AN

Digitized by Google

AN

ADDRESS

TO

FREEDOM.

HAIL Freedom! hail! our greatest good;
By thee all comforts greater grow,
Dear purchase of our father's blood,
And solace dear of all our woe.

Long naturaliz'd to us alone,
Imported from no foreign land,
From age to age transmitted down,
Ne'er shalt thou perish in our hand.

Tho' rage, revenge and wild despair,
Invet'rate spleen, impetuous zeal;
Should all unite from us to tear,
Thy blessing, they cannot prevail.

Protect, ye powers, each patriot's day,
Their evening crown with joy and rest,
The longer from the skies they stay,
The longer Ireland will be blest.

TO

Digitized by Google

TO

HIBERNIA.

RENOWN'D Hibernia! lov'd parental land,
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye,
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand,
Wakes o'er thy vales its poor persuasive cry.

When slaves in office, freemens' rights withstand,
When wealth enormous sets th' oppressor high,
And bribes thy ductile senators' command,
Then mourn, for then thy fate is surely nigh.

Not from victorious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Tho' leagu'd in war, tremendous, round thy shore,
But from thyself thy ruin must proceed;
Nor boast thy power, for know it is decree'd
Thy freedom gone, thy pow'r shall be no more.

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF A

LOVELY BOY.

AH! plaintive Muse! attune thy trembling string,
Death's desolating ravages to sing;
Who heeds not Wisdom's lore, nor Beauty's pow'r,
Whose jaws, insatiate, all mankind devour:—
A lovely boy, possess'd of every charm,
Could not the tyrant's rabid ire disarm:
Engaging sweetness met the destin'd blow,
And bid farewel to every human woe!—
Now to his God restor'd, his spotless soul,
Enjoys celestial bliss without controul.
Cease then, afflicted parents, to deplore
The loss of him who reigns for ever more:
Such is the all-sapient Deity's decree,
That in the vale of human life we see,
None from adversity exempt can be.

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO WINTER.

WHEN th' od'rous flow'rets o'er th' enamel'd plains,
Lie nipp'd from Winter's gelid blasts and rains;
The beauteous trees their robes of green have lost,
Render'd unpleasing by the chilling frost:
Reflexion, then, encheers the cold review
With hopes, that Spring will deck her plains anew.
Ah! could the ventricle whence sorrow flows,
But cheer my heart with such returns as those;
Then charm'd with Spring, should Winter wing her way,
Unnest her cares, like birds that hail sweet May.
Oh! gentle Spring, with joy thy looks are deck'd;
With joy receive, and with the same reflect!
Nurtur'd by thee, and welcom'd to thy plain,
By breezes fan'd, regail'd with show'rs of rain!

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE

MILITIA OF IRELAND

ON VOLUNTEERING.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! the inspiring Drum invites,
'Tis Britain's voice, support her injur'd rights!
Rouse, rouse, Hibernia's sons! obey the call,
And join in vengeance on perfidious Gaul!
Quick! teach that treach'rous foe, that land of slaves,
'Tis death t' insult the Monarch of the waves!
Cease, heart inspiring drum, MARS stands confest,
The darling object of Hibernia's breast;
A noble spirit triumphs thro' her land,
And forms, of heroes, many a chosen band;
Ready their laws and country to defend,
Ready, to Albion's isle, their aid to lend;
Ready, their nymphs, their lovely nymphs to shield!
Ready t' oppose the foe in open field!
And when the historic pen hath justly prais'd,
Those matchless heroes, val'rous EIRIN rais'd!
To thee, HIBERNIA, shall fair Fame assign,
A first-rate trophy from her sacred shrine.

Digitized by Google

LIBERTY.

Written at the Vice Regal Lodge, Phœnix-park.

HAIL! Liberty, thou sacred power,
Which ever with fair Virtue shines;
Not all the gold can purchase thee,
That blazes in bright western mines.

Not the gay guards in glitt'ring arms,
Who crowd in pomp the Monarch's gate;
Can to his soul wish'd Freedom give,
If crimes and fear attend his state.

'Tis Virtue, godlike and divine,
That makes the gen'rous hero brave;
Whose soul will always nobly think,
That Vice was ever born a slave.

The ravager of half the globe,
Will sigh at last for thee in vain;
Who tho' thou scorn'st the tyrant's pride,
Spontaneous waits in Virtue's train.

How

Digitized by Google

How is the humble cottage bless'd,
With thy propitious cheering smile;
While jealous fears and racking cares,
Torments the knave with all his guile.

But in the sacred laurel shade,
While rapturous thoughts my bosom move;
Thou deign'st to fire my glowing soul,
With thine, and Heav'nly virtue's love.

Thus, I, but then supremely bless'd,
That great, all pitying godlike mind;
Whose labours utmost wishes plan,
Th' happiness of all mankind.

Oh! might I live to praise thy deeds,
And raise by thee to deathless fame;
Thy glories would my breast inspire,
And set my raptur'd thoughts on flame.

To conquer is the hero's crown,
But 'tis the part of Heav'n to save;
Those laurels that with mercy shine,
Alone survive the gloomy grave.

Digitized by Google

LINES

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

RT. HON. ELIZABETH,

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF MOIRA,*

Baroness Hungerford, &c.

Obt. 12, *April*, 1808, *Æ.* 77.

CAN Eirin's Poets silently refrain
From pouring forth the elegiac strain;
While fair Eblana's melancholy cries,
Repeatedly re-echo thro' the skies:
For MOIRA's Dowager, alas! no more,
Whose death Ulidia's sorrowing sons deplore.

No

* This justly lamented and amiable character was married to the late Earl of MOIRA in the year 1752, and resided in Ireland for the long period of fifty-six years.

Digitized by Google

No ordinary theme attracts my Muse,
But such a theme as *Pope*, himself, would chuse:
Oh! could I now to *Pope's* smooth verse aspire,
Shenstone's mellifluous lays, or *Milton's* fire;
Then should I, my faltering accents raise,
To celebrate rever'd ELIZA's praise.—
The last illustrious branch of Hasting's line,—*
A line, whose deeds in Albion's annals shine;
Nay, so devoted to the field of Mars,
In Albion's foreign and domestic wars;
That no fond sire, to embrace or see his son,
Was for five generations ever known.†
Heroes, who in the senate and the field,
Have always their contemporaries excell'd:
Hence did to her progenitors accrue,
Titles and territorial honors too;
Unlike the ignoble lords of modern days,
Whom *Vice*, not *Virtue*, to the peerage raise,—
'Mong whom, save NELSON, few are found besides,
Apostate Patriots, or *Liberticides*.

Such

* The late Countess of MOIRA, was the last in a direct line of the illustrious name of HASTINGS, a name which will ever shine in the annals of Britain, and its loyalty and valour be recorded in the pages of history.

† No father for five generations had ever the pleasure of seeing or embracing his son.

CAMDEN'S BRITANNIA.

Digitized by Google

Such was our Dowager's paternal race,
And such in Hasting's heraldry we trace;
Not less illustrious or dignified
By Ferrer's lineage on the Mother's side.*
Yet she, tho' thus to noble sires allied,
Abhorr'd all sorts of ancestorial pride;
She e'er esteem'd nobility of birth,
Of no avail to heirs devoid of worth.
These adventitious dignities of blood,
Our Countess otherwise ne'er understood,
But as incentive stimulants to Good.

Therefore, tho' bless'd with ev'ry pers'nal charm,
The soul to prepossess, the heart to warm;
With each acquir'd accomplishment and grace,
We in the Ton of modern fashion trace;
Tho' in her youthful days she e'er was dress'd,
In all the stile and elgance of taste.
Her precious time was never misapply'd,
To gratify her vanity or pride;
On her mind's cultivation—so intent,
Few were the moments at her toilet spent.
Blest with such manly energies of mind,
As in the female-sex we rarely find;
Those faculties she ceas'd not to improve,
For intellectual science, such her love.

Her knowledge was extensive and profound,
And with solidity of judgment crown'd.

She

* Her mother was the Lady Selina Shirly, daughter of Earl

Digitized by Google

She shew'd, tho' delicate the female frame,
That education only bars its claim;
To eminence in scientific lore,
As thousands of her sex have prov'd before.

Not for herself our Countess e'er became,
Ambitious thus of literary fame;
But that she might, with far superior skill,
The duties of a matron's state fulfil:—
For this she early studied to peruse
The works of the Attic, and the Roman Muse;
Each philosophic Sage's mine to explore,
And from the dross t' extract the precious ore;
And on amalgamation of the whole,
Therewith to adorn her FRANK's expanding soul,
To embellish CHARLOTTE's and SELINA's mind,
Two other gems ordain'd t' adorn mankind.—*

As Scions, nurtur'd from the genial root,
With renovated strength and vigor shoot:
Thus her enobled soul and virtues too,
In her illustrious youthful race we view.
Lo, MOIRA! in the senate and the field,
With equal force, the pen and sword to wield;
Who scorns all pomp by cringing baseness won,
And wants no other lustre but his own:—

The

* Her maternal duties she fulfilled with that enlightened spirit, which pourtrayed itself in all her actions; they could only be equalled by the soothing tenderness she bore to those dear pledges of her love, and which continued to her last moments.

Digitized by Google

The Mother's mental energies, in fine,
In AYLESBURY's and GRANARD'S consorts shine.*

When to her heart first RAWDON laid his claim,
And *Hymen* sanctified the mutual flame;
No sooner landed, on Ierne's shore,
Than like the fam'd Moabitess of yore,—†
"What e'er her consort lik'd, she lik'd it too,
"And held his *love* dear as the breath she drew:—
Eirin's adopted child!—a child she prov'd;
Eirin rever'd!—and *Eirin's* children lov'd!‡
Unlike th' adventurers from Albion's isle,
Who, tho' enrich'd with poor *Ierne's* spoil,
Her gen'rous sons contemptuously revile.

Still, Muse, thy sadly pleasing theme pursue,
To Ulla's § plains, and there thy Countess view;
Here was she seen around her wide domains,
Diffusing happiness 'mong MOIRA'S swains;

Here

* The Countess had a numerous family, of whom now survive, Ann Countess of Aylesbury; Francis Earl of Moira; John Theophilus; Selina Countess of Granard; and Lady Charlotte Rawdon.

† For Ruth, the Moabitess—see Scripture.

‡ Love them she did, and with that undistinguished and unbiassed friendship always predominant in her bosom;—she knew no other! To the gentry she displayed an example of attachment for this country, which, alas! few of them have imitated; and to the peasantry of every description she extended her benevolence; in short, she was every thing that was amiable—Ireland will long have cause to mourn her.

§ Ulla and Ulidia, the Latin names for Ulster.

Digitized by Google

Here was ELIZA accustomed to dispense,
Relief to all with true benevolence;
Where nought but sorrows now assail the skies,
The widow's groans, and orphan's feeble cries;
Where tears unfeign'd, still for their Countess flow,
With haggard looks expressive of their woe.

Great cause they have to mourn! their friend is gone,
The only friend they plac'd their hopes upon;
Their woe-worn hearts o'erwhelm'd with want and grief,
In tears alone now hope to find relief.
She's gone! she's gone! in whom each virtue join'd,
Lover of truth, and friend to all mankind.
Whene'er she spoke, you heard the friendly lore,
Whene'er she look'd, her looks convinc'd you more;
With Christian love inspir'd, our Patroness
Was ever foremost to explore distress;
Her purse was e're with promptitude display'd,
Each charitable institute to aid;
To schools for educating th' orphan mind,
Her bounteous patronage was unconfin'd;*

Lo! our good Countess, with the Sun's uprise,
While yet Aurora's curtain veil'd the skies,

Thro'

*Lady Moira was ever ready to assist the wretched. It was her chief characteristic to befriend every one whom she thought worthy of it. There is not a charitable institution in this Metropolis, which has not received some particular mark of her bounty.

Digitized by Google

Thro' MOIRA's fragrant and refreshing shade,
Indulging in the healthy promenade,
Like the indefatigable queen of bees,
Who with the morn's uprise, her swarm o'ersees:
To the early rising swain she dealt rewards,
While all participated her regards;
The oppress'd found her a willing Patroness,
Their grievances and sufferings to redress,*
Her tenantry superlatively bless'd,
No under AGENT'S agent e'er oppress'd;
She or her agent, treated with her Hind,
To no relentless Middlemen consign'd,
A race of men who fatten on the toil,
Of the poor husbandman who tills the soil:
For *Middlemen* and *Proctors* are the pest,
By whom Ierne's poor are long oppress'd;
Where some estates ten Middlemen afford,
'Twixt the occupier, and the real lord.

On their estates, with patriotic pride,
Did landlords 'mong their tenantry reside;
Did they, like MOIRA, to the industrious poor,
The farms, by their hard toil reclaim'd, insure;
No THRASHER, WHITEBOY, then, or SHANAVEST,†
Would e'er disturb the peaceful country's rest;

Eirin

* She never let merit pass without rewarding it—the oppressed found her always attentive to their petition, and always ready to redress their wrongs.

† Men should regard their country's welfare above all things; it should be dearer than life to them—did some personages take example

Digitized by Google

Erin, would then, above all isles around,
In arts and commerce be superior found.

Such is the friend I weep for, but in vain;
Now she's releas'd from worldly care and pain!
Embracing fast that long extended shore,
Where mortal ills can ne'er disturb her more.

E EPITAPH

example by our lamented Countess, Ireland would be quite another country to what it is at present—Shame on them! a STRANGER sets the example, and they are afraid to profit by it! No nation on earth, is so much favoured by the Almighty, as Ireland; yet, still, there is one thing wanting to complete its happineſs: namely, the uniting her sons together in love and unity, by the total obliteration of religious and party distinction. How happy would it be to hear the cheering sounds of brotherly friendship, (when the proud Corsican threatens us with annihilation) "Ireland is our country—we are all Irishmen—we will die to defend her! Perhaps some will say, I have no business to meddle with ſuch a topic; if I am wrong, my youth claims pardon; if I am right, let them blush to have it said, a youth was their monitor!!!

Digitized by Google

EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF MOIRA.

WITHIN this tomb, this sacred tomb, is plac'd,
Life's pleasing form, by death severe defac'd;
In whom, beloved, an emblem we might see,
Of truth, benevolence, soft humility:
Her other virtues—needless it is to sum,
But such they were, as would a Saint become:
Heav'n (who such virtues ever does regard)
Surely did crown her with a blest reward.
When from this tomb, sad reader you depart,
Keep these her virtues ever near your heart;
Reflecting—neither youth nor age can save,
Mankind when summon'd to the silent grave.

STANZAS

Digitized by Google

STANZAS

TO MORNING.

Written at the Phœnix-park.

YON variegated sky announces the morn,
Etherial mildness ushers in her reign;
Her virgin blushes, orient Heav'n adorn,
And joy is on the wing, toward ev'ry plain.

Lo! from his terrene nest, the lark now springs,
With rapid wing, he soars toward the sky;
And as he soars, symphoniously he sings;
His song Pindaric, soul of melody.

Behold! from yon bright oriental shade,
Gilding the dawn of day; the radient sun,
With all-enlight'ning grandeur he's array'd,
And dimpled smiles, prepares his course to run.

Around his chariot, fost'ring zephyr's play,
Glad plenty, roseate health, attend his beams;
Universal Nature, hails the God of day,
His welcome, universal joy proclaims

Digitized by Google

How softly sighs the breeze! the sky choir sing!
To Sol refulgent, chaunt a placid strain;
Flora, to him, doth her best treasures bring,
And Nature's bounty gives a large domain.

ON

Digitized by Google

ON THE BIRTH

OF

MASTER JOHN O'CONNOR.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

COME, little Angels, all unite
And some assistance bring,
Kindly to help my feeble lays
Whilst I attempt to sing.

Teach me sufficient words to shew
The tender mother's joy,
Since bounteous Heav'n has granted her
A little sprightly boy!

Tell me, what words can best express,
The transports of my mind;
When e'er I view my little boy,
Such innocence I find.

Oh! bounteous Heav'n, continue still,
That bliss which thus began,
And grant my little sprightly boy
May prove *a worthy man*.

Digitized by Google

THE

RAMBLER.

WHEN the fair ev'ning tempts me out to stray,
Beneath the shade, or o'er the meadows gay;
Where bount'ous Nature spreads her beauties wide,
And murmuring rills in sweet meanders glide.
I, musing thus, exclaim—ah! where's my friend,
Too distant now her gen'rous aid to lend;
Unguarded thus, I wander here and there,
Absence deprives me of my lovely fair.
Perhaps she's now with solemn thoughts oppress'd,
Perhaps the lovely fair one sinks to rest;
If so, may some bright vision charm her view,
And represent her EDWARD, faithful, true.
I'll change the scene, and next suppose she may
Ev'n at this moment join in converse gay,
With female friends, in social chat declare,
(Ah! flatt'ring thought!) she loves her EDWARD dear:
Or now, perhaps, like me, she gently strays
Where artless Nature charms in winding maze;
Where bubbling rills meander thro' the grove,
And Philomela tunes her voice to love.

Imaginati on

Digitized by Google

Imagination thus, the picture draws
To sooth the mind and gain the heart applause;
By means like this, the gloom of absence wears
A brighter face, and looses half its cares;
No fears perplex—and all its tortures cease,
And the lull'd soul sinks down in tranquil peace.
But, ah! this frame of happy temper ne'er
Can long remain, but fleeting as the air;
It gilds the present, and the next we find,
The pleasing vision fled; and fate unkind,
Our life is chequer'd still, with grief and woe,
As active fancy's quick transition show.

LINES.

LINES.

Written at the COTTAGE, *a beautiful retreat near the Vice Regal Lodge, Phœnix-park.*

HAIL! beauteous Cottage, hail! thou green retreat!
Fit haunt of GODS! of Gods the blissful seat!
All hail! ye sacred solitary bow'rs,
Where CONTEMPLATION spends her sweetest hours;
More blest than PARADISE, or EDEN'S grove,
For here's no serpent—*no not that of love*!
Fly hence, Ambition, fly, ye dreams of pow'r—
Ye plagues of life, diseases of an hour!
And thou, vain world, how fruitless are thy charms,
Thy help I ask not, nor yet fear thy harms!
The gifts of fortune, be the worldling's fate,
The low concerns of a less happy state—
Here, would I choose, to spend my peaceful days,
Invoke the MUSES, and resound their praise;
Pursue the path, which POETS, PATRIARCHS trod,
In love with NATURE, and with NATURE'S GOD!
No wasteful rage of WAR, no hostile wrong
Should interrupt, my pleasure or my song.

ST.

Digitized by Google

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

March 17th.

INVOCATION.

GENIUS OF IRELAND! *listen to the strain,*
The votive strain thy Saint inspires;
Let not the Poet ask thy aid in vain,
But fill his breast, with more than wonted fires.

O D E.

FAR in the depth of ancient time,
The Saint explor'd thy favour'd Isle;
And as on this auspicious day,
Bid rank disease depart, and health and honour smile;
While Freedom spreads her beaming ray,
And arts, and commerce, grace Ierne's isle.

Thy

Digitized by Google

Thy Sons distinguish'd by the SHAMROCK LEAF!
(Emblem of life sincere, and sound belief).
This day do honour to thy saint,
And while his fame they spread, their own great virtues paint;
Thy hardy youths for valor fam'd,
And firm in Freedom's phalanx fix'd,
With Britain's high-born sons, are proudly nam'd,
For worth untainted, and for zeal unmix'd.

Oft as this glorious day returns,
May old HIBERNIA lift her honest head;
And while the sacred flame of Freedom burns,
Thro' distant realms, her fame unsullied spread;
So shall, with pride, in future days,
Th' historian paint that well earn'd fame;
And Poets in immortal lays,
Shall join to dignify thy name.

MINES.

Digitized by Google

LINES

PRESENTED TO HIS GRACE,

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD,

LATE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,

On the Birth of his Son,

LORD CHARLES JAMES FOX RUSSELL.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendship, tenderness, respect and love:
My *Muse* long wish'd, on this auspicious day,
Something most worthy of herself to say;
To Jove she offer'd up an humble pray'r,
To take the infant RUSSELL to his care.

"Give him," said she, "whate'er diviner grace,
"Adorns the soul and beautifies the face;
"Let all his deeds be e'er confirm'd by truth,
"And gentle manners crown his blooming youth;

"Give

Digitized by Google

" Give him to Fame, to Virtue, to aspire,
" Worthy our songs and his informing sire;
" All various praise, all honours let him prove,
" Let men admire, and sighing virgins love;
" With *honest* zeal inflame his youthful mind,
" To love his *Country* and protect mankind."

Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
" *Muse*, you implore, what cannot be deny'd;
" Jove's bounteous hand shall lavish all his pow'r,
" And giving what you ask, can add no more;
" And since I joy in what I did create,
" I shall prolong your fav'rite RUSSELL's fate,
" And lengthen out his years to an unusual date."

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE MOST NOBLE,

CHARLES LENOX,

DUKE OF RICHMOND,

Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of IRELAND.

In the Senate a Statesman—
In the field a Hero.

HAIL, Noble Lenox! welcome to our isle,
Of yore renown'd, our sorrows to beguile;
While Erin's sons upon thy councils wait,
And George to thee entrusts the Irish state:
While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry foreign coast,
Flies with the news of empires won or lost;
Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field:
While with officious duty lords attend,
To hail and make in thee a noble friend;
Vouchsafe the MUSE's humble strains to hear,
For blooming virtue shall be still thy care.

Digitized by Google

Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
Though least regarded of the tuneful train;
Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy flame,
Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme:
From Heav'n derive the verse—to Heav'n belong,
The councils of the wise, and battles of the strong;
To Heav'n our noble Sov'reign owes alone
The virtues which adorn and guard his throne.
Thence is his Might, his sceptre uncontroul'd,
To curb the stubborn, and repress the bold:
Thence is his Pow'r, the wretched to redress,
Thence is his mercy and his love of peace:—
His peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
To heal their breaches, and to soothe their rage:
Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
O'er each design, and ev'ry action guides:—
Thence is he taught his shining court to grace,
And fix the *worthiest* in the worthiest place;
To trust at home to his own watchful care,
And send victorious NELSONS, forth to war.
Arise! ye nations, rescu'd by his sword,
Free'd from the bondage of a foreign horde;
And thou, *Hibernia*, rous'd at length, disdain
To wear enslav'd, the Gallic tyrant's chain:
For lo! the British LENOX comes to cheer
Thy fainting sons, and banish from them fear;
With his own glorious fire your soul he warms,
And bids you burn for *Liberty and Arms*.

Unhappy

Digitized by Google

Unhappy land! the foremost once in fame,
Once lifting to the stars thy noble name;
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
The eastern kingdoms' envy and their fear.
Where is thy pride! thy conscious honor flown!
Thy ancient valor, and thy fam'd renown!
How art thou sunk among the nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow!
And drop the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow!!!
Yet cheer your sons, and banish all their fears,
For lo! brave LENOX to your aid appears:
With martial fame, each manly breast he arms,—
He comes to cheer and banish all alarms.
Rejoice, *Hibernians*, proudly now advance,
Crush and destroy the foaming pride of France.
No longer now, in melancholy roam,
Be this your motto,—*Erin's sons strike home!*
With Britons join in peace both heart and hands,
In love fraternal, guard your native lands.
Now to conclude my fond, my friendly theme,
I hope all EIRIN's sons will say the same:
Long live brave LENOX, happy may he smile,
To bless his King, and guard *Hibernia's* isle.

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO HER GRACE

CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND,

VICE QUEEN OF IRELAND.

BRING me a *Harp*, from Heav'n, ye sacred *Nine*,
And fill each string with *harmony* divine;
Strike your sweet lutes, your dulcet voices raise,
Breathe all your spirit thro' your *Poet's* lays.
With sounds celestial, aid *my grateful voice*,
'Till each *Hibernian's* heart, like mine, rejoice:
Let tainted Slander hide her guilty head,
And white-rob'd Virtue strike detraction dead.
Let Malice droop, and Envy blush for shame,
While to the spheres I echo CHARLOTTE's name;
Hear it, *Hibernians*, all ye nations round,
Hear and reverberate the joyful sound:
Daughters of *Eirin*, catch the much-lov'd name
Transmitted thus to everlasting fame;
With shouts of transport, hail the Auspicious morn,
On which this bright illustrious fair was born:

CHARLOTTE,

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE, the pride of fair *Hibernia's* isle,
Where Virtue reigns, and where the *Graces* smile;
Queen of the peoples' heart—her sex's pride,
On Earth their pattern, and to Heaven their guide.
Mother, by Nature, of a happy race,
And foster-mother of her country's peace:
For her the Orphans' prayers to Heav'n ascend,
In her the weeping Widow finds a friend;
Cheer'd by her bounty, clasps her darling boy,
And tears of grief are turn'd to tears of joy.
"Ye high in birth, degenerate in crimes,
"Who for your follies, plead the graceless times;
"CHARLOTTE behold, and blush, in her you'll find
"The lasting model of a noble mind."
Come all ye maids, who round *Hibernia* rove,
And for *Hibernia* manifest your love;
With notes unsung, your sweetest lyres prepare,
And to the world those happy tidings bear.
"*No more bright Virtue dwells in shades unknown,*
She quits bleak Scotia's *heaths for* Eirin's *throne.*

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT. HON. HENRY GRATTAN,*

M. P. for the City of Dublin.

Hence, Envy, to thy noisome cell.

HAIL! sacred offspring of the realms above,
Fountain of knowledge, source of social love;
Ethereal liberty whose dawning light
Pierc'd the dark clouds of slavery and of night:
Thee

* The worthy subject of this poem (if it may be called one) has grown grey in the service of his country; he has done every thing in his power to contribute to her welfare. In every debate in parliament, when his country was called in question, he was her zealous defender. In the ever memorable 1783, his talents were displayed in her defence; his words, on that memorable event, ought to be engraven on each Irishman's heart, it ought to sound like heavenly music on the ear, and lull the ravished senses into forgetful slumbers. On being asked his opinion in the view of an Union, his reply was, "*Surely*

Digitized by Google

Thee I invoke, oh! sweep the sounding lyre,
Swell the bold song, and fill my soul with fire;
Thine be the lays, immortal is the name,
The *Muse* would sing, for GRATTAN is the theme!
GRATTAN, whose generous unaffected zeal
Flames in that glorious cause—the public weal;
GRATTAN, whose heart to every rank extends,
And deems mankind his brethren and his friends,
GRATTAN, whose soul no cold condition knows,
A foe to none, but to his country's foes;
Whose voice has made religious discord cease,
Made varying sects enjoy their rights in peace.
When fierce Contention, o'er each lucky shore,
Stretch'd her dark wings, and bade the tempest roar;
Clash'd her dire arms, and blew the trump of war,
And hither turn'd her all-destroying car.
When sunk-ey'd poverty and hagard fear,
With giant strides spreads devestation here:
Our wretched peasants o'er the waisted plain,
A sad, dejected, melancholy train;
Begg'd for the means of life, and were deny'd,
Spurn'd by unfeeling pow'r and lawless pride:—
Then GRATTAN rose, fir'd for the public cause,
The *friend* of Freedom, and his Country's Laws;

He

"Surely no Irishman can be so base as to surrender the rights and independence of his country, which should be dearer and only to be surrendered "with life." Such were the words of the son of freedom, such is the subject my Muse sings to, and such the Patriot posterity will ever adore.

Digitized by Google

He felt the orphans' tears, the widows' groans,
And made the cause of injur'd worth his own:
Charm'd with his voice, discordant factions cease,
Glide into friendship, and subside in peace;
Tho' keen-ey'd malice drew the invenom'd dart,
And aim'd and hurl'd it at his honest heart.
Tho' fury rag'd, and shook her quiv'ring spear,
He smil'd at danger, unappall'd by fear;
Though dark corruption, spread her golden chain,
Vain were her efforts, and her cunning vain:
Unmov'd by threat'ning force, or lawless sway,
He rush'd straight on, and glory led the way;
Stretch'd forth his hand, and ev'ry want supply'd,
And sav'd the sinking realm from lordly pride.
Thus, when the tempest o'er the dark'ning sky
Howls dreadfully, and thunders roll on high;
The bird of Jove, seiz'd with paternal care,
Shoots thro' the storm, and parts the whistl'ing air;
Then spreads his firm-knit pinions o'er his nest,
And warms his panting offsprings in his breast.

Ye few! ye venal few! who basely dare,
Conceal those thoughts, which should be free as air;
Who crouch, who lick the dust, who kneel to pow'r,
Are this, are that, as suit the varying hour:
Hide! hide! your abject heads, and blush for shame,
Nor dare to sully his unspotted fame;
What have ye yet to learn, that merit flows
Strong from oppression, brighter from its foes;

And,

Digitized by Google

And ye! whose hearts true patriotism fires,
Whom Virtue warms, and Liberty inspires:
O! in the gen'rous race, be firm, be bold,
Like him, be brave, like him, be uncontroul'd!
Oh! that thro' each HIBERNIAN, Heav'n would beam
That warmth, that fire, that unabating flame
Which GRATTAN feels; then would this happy shore
Be free, and lawless Faction reign no more.

ON

ON THE DEPARTURE

OF

Lieutenant General

SIR A. WELLESLEY, K. B.

TO THE ASSISTANCE OF THE

SPANISH PATRIOTS.

As his worm-eaten volumes, old *Time* turn'd o'er,
To review the brave actions that happen'd of yore;
When the name of brave NELSON he happen'd to see,
He smil'd, and then rummag'd for ABERCROMBIE.
With a sigh then he said, what! has Britain no friend?
With these, must her val'rous progeny end?
When instant a blast, on her Trumpet, FAME blew,
Which so long had been silent, the sound he scarce knew:
Full confess'd to his sight, then the Goddess appear'd,
And half out of breath, cry'd, "the news have you "heard,
"Father *Time*, I've some heroes to add to your store,
"The PATRIOTS have conquer'd, since WELLESLEY'S "gone o'er:

"To

Digitized by Google

"To assist the afflicted, was always you know,
"Britain's Motto, for e'er, whether ally or foe."
Well pleas'd, in his annals, *Time* wrote down the same,
Made the record authentic, and gave it to Fame.

STANZAS

STANZAS

TO EVENING.

Written at the Phœnix-park.

HOW sweetly pleasant shines the sun,
How calm the ev'ning-breeze;
And in his absence, how the Moon
Pale glitters thro' the trees!

The mild effulgence gleams around,
And sheds a pleasing light;
With soften'd shadows' paints the ground,
And gilds the gloomy night.

Oh! ye, who love the ev'ning-walk,
Now to this park repair;
With friends congenial sweetly talk,
And blissful moments share.

All

Digitized by Google

All hail, ye pure delights and joys
  Unknown to guilty minds!
The soul let loose from vanity,
  In thee enjoyment finds.

For ever I could stay, but see
  The dew now falls apace;
I'll get me home, and o'er the lawn,
  The rustic's footsteps trace.

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

SIR CHARLES VERNON, KNT.

YE sacred MUSES! aid my song,
And say, to whom those joys belong,
That now inspires my breast;
VERNON, 'tis yours this joy to give,
Oh! may it here for ever live,
Since 'tis by me possest.

'Tis gen'rous friendship that inspires,
And warms my soul with sacred fires,
To sing the blissful joys;
That here, in rich profusion reign,
To dissipate each anxious pain,
That else might here arise.

Thus while you tread this earthly stage,
Let not despair, or envious rage,
Disturb thy peaceful soul;
Still cultivate the heav'nly joy,
That shall your leisure hours employ,
In this Sublunar Mole.

ON

Digitized by Google

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY

GEORGE III.*

HAIL! conquering GEORGE! long may you ride
Triumphant, o'er thy num'rous foes;
And likewise monarch of the tide,
For in your bosom Mercy glows.

Long may you then, your rights maintain—
May heav'n on thee, its blessings pour;
And ev'ry heroe of the main,
Around your sceptre twine a flow'r.

* This was only a little Effusion of the moment, and inserted, by desire of a Gentleman, well known under the appellation of G. F. H.

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

ROBERT SHAW, Esq. *M. P.*

PURSUE such measures, that the land may be
At all times sure, to find a friend in thee—
Refuse, abhor! to give thy vote for pelf,
Let not your country's Weal be lost in self.
In ev'ry consultation and debate,
Aim calmly, Sir, the truth t' investigate:
Make just remarks—yet give another praise—
Except oblig'd, oppose not what he says;
Nor be as those, who never will agree,
Talking for praise, or else for victory.

Reflect on Cato, in his footsteps tread,
And imitate th' illustrious life he led;
Struggling for freedom, with a virtuous pride,
He liv'd triumphant, and triumphant dy'd!
Be thou, to EIRIN, what he was to ROME,
And may such lines as these adorn thy tomb:

"Here

Digitized by Google

" Here sleeps the Patriot, whose exalted mind,
" With universal love, embrac'd mankind ;
" Firm in his loyalty, he serv'd the throne,
" And sought his sov'reign's glory, not his own—
" Hence, when the last trumpet rends the ground,
" His rising body, shall with bliss be crown'd."

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN LA TOUCHE, JUN. ESQ. *M. P.*

TO wake the soul with lively strokes of art,
To rouse the PATRIOT in each gen'rous heart,
To shew each man, his Country claims a part
In his protection, by a mutual flame,
Self-love, and social, being still the same.
To prove the PATRIOT, will oft arise,
From softest, tenderest passions, noblest ties,
That filial piety, his country's love,
And heroic valor, his soul doth move;
To paint the parting scene, 'twixt kindred friends,
When his country's love, like warlike blaze ascends
Within his noble breast—and likewise scan,
His country's guardian, in the humble man.

This, and whatever can exalt the name
Of Patriot—Hero—and Hibernia's fame,
Have been my theme—La Touche, assert the cause!
Your Country's Rights, its Liberties and Laws!
Protect.

Digitized by Google

Protect them still, 'till ordain'd by fate,
(To whom all submit,) you quit this earthly state—
Arriv'd above, where nought but glory reigns,
You'll be rewarded for your earthly pains
You had to gain, your Countr,'s rights and laws,
Resolv'd to sway, or perish in her cause!

LINES

LINES

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED

TO

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.*

HARK! thro' the air, what trembling music floats!
What varying raptures swell th' enchanting notes!
Harmonious BARD! prolong the tuneful sound,
The fair ones listening with attention round—
Still let th' enchanting beauties of the fair,
Live in thy lines, for TIME thy lines shall spare.
O! were the numbers struggling from my tongue,
Equal to those which dignify thy song;
I soon, to public view, would set thee forth,
And teach fond Echo to repeat thy worth.

Ye

* I am not personally acquainted with this gentleman—yet I am not unacquainted with his character, and his abilities, which do him infinite honour. I hope Mr. Moore will not be displeased, at my publicly acknowledging my esteem for him; but take it as a friend, and as a small token of the high regard I have for his productions.

Digitized by Google

Ye sacred Muses who delight to sing,
Near the soft murmurings of some silver spring;
Garlands, to grace my honor'd friend, prepare,
For he, must sure deserve your earliest care;
Without your aid, to guard my wand'ring pen,
Vain were my verse, and ev'ry labour vain.
Rise then! and in your own immortal lays,
To future worlds transmit, his boundless praise.

Digitized by Google

TO

MARIA.

LET others ransack Beauty's wardrobe o'er,
To deck their maids, in all the pomp it yields;
In tinsel'd dress, by others worn before,
And all the gaudy colours of the fields.

Let them, in flow'ry Metaphors o'erstrain'd,
Each feature ray'd in brightest charms, display
In similies from various nature gain'd,
Their lavish eulogies at random pay.

Thus prodigal to fair ones, let them grant
Charms, they only in their Rhyme possess;
Charms, which Nature never gave them—paint!
In all the extravagance of poetic dress.

False praise bestow'd—be mine the better part,
To have my fair one's charms best understood;
Compris'd in words, expressive of the heart,
Behold "MARIA, VIRTUOUS, FAIR AND GOOD!"

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MASTER PHILIP YORK GORE.

WHEN youth, with perils tread the heels of time,
When just ambition, soars to the Sublime!
When by a love of God-like *Virtue* fir'd,
By judgment temper'd, and by truth inspir'd:
When Fortune's fav'rites—(ah, how rare to find!
Since fav'rites mostly—like herself are blind.)
When seeing the pinacle on which they stand,
Firm as a rock——betimes as loose as sand;
Their mind misgives, that the next coming blow,
May hurl them headlong in the gulph below.

Thus, when the vessel doth triumphant ride,
The smooth unruffl'd surface of the tide;
The sailors jolly o'er their bowl of grog,
Disdain the winds, the waterspout, or fog;
Sudden, the wind whistles, stormy billows rise,
And vivid lightning, darts from out the skies!
The storm increases—soon a treach'rous wave,
Sinks ship and men, both in a wat'ry grave!

Digitized by Google

To guard against these woes, men should be
Possess'd, of VIRTUE, TRUTH, HUMILITY
To examine nature, with impartial care,
And rightly judge what characters are fair;
For, as no colours, can affect the blind,
Virtues are lost upon a vicious mind.

Such virtues then, as I would wish to see,
PHILIP, with justice, I resign to thee.—

Time shall not long unwearied pinions shake,
Nor many Sun's Atherial journeys make;
Ere PHILIP, thou call'd forth in life to shine,
Shall prove, my Muses best lov'd virtues, thine;
Well does affection raise her tender voice,
When worth intrinsic, dignifies the choice.

Such then, still be, Oh! noble youth, thy part,
As wins esteem, without delusive art;
Ne'er may the flatterer, with malicious smile,
And soothing tone, effect his selfish wile—
Drive from thy presence and protection, far,
All those that bow to Fortune's orient star—
Those Moths of grandeur, who in secret pray,
And bring a sure, tho' unforeseen decay.
To honest truth, (uncheck'd by slavish fear)
And wholesome council, lend thy ready ear.

If e'er the monster, PARTY, in disguise,
Should strive to win thy heart, or dim thy eyes;
No refuge, the insidious fiend afford—
Guard well your honour, with your own accord.

Measures,

Digitized by Google

Measures, *not men*, for public good oppose,
And justly view, as thine, thy Country's foes;
So will thy FAME in future annals shine,
And shed fresh lustre on thy noble line.

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE MOST NOBLE

FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON

AND

MOIRA.

NOT *Horace* only tun'd his lyre,
To sweet celestial sound;
Th' impartial MUSE, in other times,
Some fav'rite sons has found.

Who god-like virtue lov'd, and prais'd
The gen'rous, good and brave;
Fair virtue plac'd among the stars,
But stigmatized the knave.

His radiant tract, I, trembling, view,
And gaze with ravish'd eyes;
Wishing to be transformed, like him,
To soar thro' the azure skies.

Oh!

Digitized by Google

Oh! would the MUSE but swell my voice,
To all the extent of time;
Virtue alone should crown my lays,
And brighten ev'ry Rhyme.

Immortal Echos in bless'd groves,
Should heroes' names repeat;
The music in full triumph rise,
With all that's sacred, great.

'Tis thus—O might my wish succeed,
I'd have Creation round,
With endless happy voices ring,
And shake at the rebound.

Hail, MOIRA! gen'rous, brave and good,
Thou lover of mankind;
Sacred to thee, each Heav'n-born Muse,
May'st thou for ever find.

May thy green laurels never fade,
Thou glory of thy race;
Thy fame ascend the stars, and spread
O'er all the world's wide face.

But Oh! how shall my soul adore,
The future source of light;
Whose awful nod, makes Heaven shake,
Whose smiles make Nature bright.

Digitized by Google

More numberless his mercies shine,
With comfort on my soul;
Than all the starry gems of night,
That glitter round the pole.

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

Written on hearing the Air-blown threats

OF THE

CORSICAN TYRANT.

WHAT fond deluding hopes our foes beguile,
To dare to dream of conquest o'er this Isle,
While her brave sons unite in FREEDOM'S cause,
And guardian-like watch o'er their country's laws;
In earnest zeal with Ministers, debate
In Senates, to preserve our happy State.
Such are the thoughts of each Iernian's soul,
Whose arms, the Tyrant of the world controul;
Let TRAFALGAR declare, whose shores can tell,
How NELSON conquer'd! how he nobly fell!
There, more renown in war, did England gain,
Than proud NAPOLEON, on Marengo's plain:
Let Gallia practise her delusive arts,
With specious wiles, to win the people's hearts;
They only rouse the valor of their soul,
Whose force shall shake the Tyrant on his throne.

Digitized by Google

See BRITAIN'S youths, unus'd to war's alarms,
Forsake their downy rest, and beauty's charms,
And with HIBERNIA'S sons united join,
While both the sweets of luxury decline.
Such actions claim our very best regard,
To them, who think their Country's thanks reward;
How vain each effort of an honest mind,
To purchase fame, by glorious deeds confin'd;
If sterling merit be the sole pretence,
That noble plea will prove a weak defence,
Against the foul reproach of calumny,
On gilded tale of spacious flattery;
Which with a smooth, insinuating tongue,
That character it fears, can meanly wrong;
Each action misinterprets to their shame,
To blot with scandal an immortal name,
And with his spoils enrich another's fame.

But like the Sun eclips'd, true merit shines,
With double splendor, as the shade declines;
Then let those rash marauders learn from hence,
(Who strive to curb the Nation's proper sense)
To conquer GEORGE, while by the peoples' love
His throne is propp'd—in vain their armies move.

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

WRITTEN AT

TINNAHINCH.

DELIGHTFUL grove! among those trees,
Fann'd by the soft Favonian breeze,
Where shrubs and flowers both combine,
To make the place seem quite divine;
Here Woodbines sport around the shade,
By Nature's hand thus rural made;
Pomona here, to Flora yields,
W[illegible]'ry swe[illegible]eck the fields,
I[illegible]roun[illegible]rant grove,
[illegible]wi[illegible]to mo[illegible]
[illegible]ppy[illegible]y t[illegible]de,
[illegible]nte[illegible]inv[illegible]
[illegible]asu[illegible]rou[illegible]rs,
[illegible]nd[illegible]lik[illegible]
[illegible]Mu[illegible]gh[illegible]
e[illegible]c[illegible];
I[illegible]es[illegible]
d[illegible]e[illegible]

Digitized by Google

While foremost of the pleasing throng,
MARIA joins the festive song,
Whose lines THALIA'S self inspire,
Whose prose can boast Poetic fire;
Whose lovely talents shed a grace,
That shines completely in her face:
But words are vain to speak her praise,
I justly want superior lays.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER.

IN IMITATATION OF HAMMOND.

OH! dreadful state, of unrequited love,
Keen are the pangs that tear my inmost soul;
Pity my woe, ye ruling pow'rs above,
And Reason aid, my passion to controul.

I feel my weakness, and lament the cause,
Alas! was I a willing captive made,
'Twas WISDOM warn'd me soon to make a pause,
And urg'd, that all my fondest hopes would fade.

What could I think, when first I press'd my suit,
Could I expect my fair would heed my vows;
Her smiles, bewitching, made my love take root,
And rais'd desires, the chastest mind allows.

She knows my grief, and sees the pain I feel,
Yet pity's all I ever must expect;
Oh! fatal passion! all her looks reveal,
'Tis for another, she'll my love reject.

I saw

Digitized by Google

I saw her, to a rival, give her hand,
And cru'lly smile, whilst anguish fill'd my breast;
Hell rais'd a flame, which all the furies fann'd—
I felt what language never yet express'd.

Still near my heart, her dear lov'd image dwells,
And wishes vain, my eagef looks declare;
Still in my eye, she ev'ry fair excells,
To Heav'n, for her, shall be my dying pray'r.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE

SAILOR'S TALE.

Imitated from C. M. Lewis's

TALES OF WONDER.

COME, boys, all hands aloft, and broach another
can of flip,
To toast a health to those who love us, heroes of the
ship:—
Then listen to a tale I tell, tho' mournful and sad,
And which my precious self beheld, when moor'd at
Trinidad.
As all alone, one night so cold, I on the main-mast
hung,
At times, I bawl'd aloud the watch, at others, cheerful
sung:
Sudden, a ghastly form arose, from out the briny
deep,
And when the Spright I recognized, I straight began
to weep.

You

Digitized by Google

You all, I'm sure, do wish to know, who it was I saw,
I straight will tell—'twas *Will bo'swain*, whose heart's without a flaw.
For him and I, aboard the NAN, has often crack'd a joke,
And well, indeed, he might be call'd, "A BRITISH HEART OF OAK."—
Now for his tale——dear Ben, he cry'd, I'm glad I have you found,
For you must know, that late last night, your comrade he was drown'd!
I be'en GROGGY, as I cross'd the plank, fell in, the night being dark,
And soon I found a lodging snug in the belly of a Shark!

The monster, when he caught me in, soon craunched me in his jaw,
And *dam'me*, thought no more of me, than you do of a *chaw!*
At the first bit, he took my leg—ay dam the bloody snapper,
And at the next, believe me BEN, he took my *precious* napper!
Old Nick, who long has watch'd me, you may think was dev'lish glad,
To *ketch* me in a plight like this, so mournful and sad;

With

Digitized by Google

With joy then in his looks, he cry'd, "Come, my lad, be jigging,
To make your Will, until my boy, I overhall your rigging."

In vain I jaw'd, I begg'd and swore, Nick, no excuse wou'd hear;
Said he, "you rascal, make your Will, then, dam-me, downwards steer!"
Then, he began to tax me, with my pretty mode of life,
And, how that I seduced, the Nailor's handsome wife:
BEN, to this foresaid Nailor's wife, I leave my goods afloat,
But keep yourself, my only friend, my jacket and waistcoat;
And ever wear them for my sake, while there remains one thread,
And when you do think on poor WILL, that lost his precious head.

At hearing WILL'S sad tale, my heart, you well may think, was sore,
Which he perceiving, look'd, as if he wish'd for to say more,
But here, it happened, that I sneez'd, God bless us, then said I,
And poor WILL BO'SWAIN'S grimly Ghost, straight vanish'd with a sigh!

Digitized by Google

Now, comrades, timely warning take—then fill another bowl,
WILL BO'SWAIN by a Nailor's wife, has damn'd his precious soul;
Old *Nick*, keeps his accounts so strict, especially with Sailors,
So, if you keep another's wife, be sure she's not a Nailor's.

LINES

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,
(Sad meed of unexampled truth)
And sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid,
O! greet his ashes with a tear!
May Heav'n, with blessings, crown his shade,
And grant that peace he wanted here

WRITTEN

Digitized by Google

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE TRAGEDY

OF

LA DIDONE.

BY her own hand, when love-sick Dido dies,
My bosom heaves with sympathetic sighs;
I mourn the wretched Queen's unhappy fate,
Doom'd, twice in love, to be unfortunate.
Methinks, 'I feel the pangs, her bosom bore,
When she beheld, her lover quit the shore;
But, had Æneas, truly lov'd the queen,
This tragic part, we then had never seen—
E'en tho' commanded, by the thunderer, Jove,
He'd not have left her——had he greatly lov'd!
Tho' to persuade him, Hermes left the sky,
She had detain'd him, with a single sigh!
The God of Love, he would have first obey'd,
Nor of mighty Jove's thunder, been afraid;
Rather than she shou'd meet so sad a doom,
He'd scorn the Empire of immortal Rome!

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

A

YOUNG LADY.

WHEN from my sight, you cruel fair, conceal
That lovely person, by the GRACES drest;
You little know, the anxious cares I feel,
The racking pains that rend my trou'l'd breast.

Nature, in vain, displays her charms to please,
In vain, does fancy search for ev'ry art;
When you are absent, nought can give me ease,
Or sooth the sorrows of my sadden'd heart.

Oh! what avails it, that with early dawn,
Phœbus, uprising, paints the landscape gay;
Nor flow'ry vale, nor fair enamel'd lawn,
Can ever please, when ANNA is away.

Digitized by Google

Nor softest warbles, from the sweet hedge-green,
Nor tuneful pipe, by skilful shepherd play'd,
Nor hill, nor grove—but dull is ev'ry scene——
I faint in sunshine——sicken in the shade.

LINES

Digitized by Google

LINES

Respectfully inscribed

TO

MRS. M. A. FOWLER.

(Late Miss M. A. Murtha.)

PRAY, what is the matter? will none of you say,
Why, has no one the news to you carried?
Do you not recollect, that on this very day,
The sly MARY ANN's to be married.

There's no help for spilt-milk, so I wish her much joy,
Tho' I thought she wou'dn't marry so ready;
But now as it's over, I hope her first boy
Will be call'd for her own little NEDDY.

But I don't think it will, and I'll now tell you why,
That cunning rogue BESS, and no other,
Has requested from ANN, so mischievous and sly,
To call him JEM, after her brother.

Digitized by Google

So since I'm outwitted, 'tis useless to mourn,
Tho' I'm sure I can do nothing less;
Than when I have a daughter, just in return,
I'll not call her after Miss Bess.

SONGS

SONGS,

WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WORDS,

TO THE FAVOURITE AIR OF,

"O! say, simple Maid."

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO

Mr. PHILLIPS

Of the Theatre-Royal, Crow-street.

HENRY.

THEN say, my dear Sally, what is it that grieves you,
Is it in my pow'r, now to relieve you?
And sure if it is, why don't you explain it,
Or if I've offended, I sure did not mean it.

Digitized by Google

SALLY.

Ah! no my dear Henry, you have not offended,
And I know, if you did, you wou'd not intend it;
But the pain that doth grieve me, I heard you've a notion,
To fight for your king, and cross o'er the ocean.

HENRY.

Ah! Sally, dear Sally, you have forc'd me to say it,
That FREEDOM now calls me, and I must obey it;
But don't talk of fear, for that's all a story,
If I live, 'tis with Laurel, if I fall 'tis with Glory!

SALLY.

O! Love gave the signal, and Courage the notion,
That I have now formed of crossing the ocean;
And I'll be your safe-guard, and watch all alarms,
And if you're to fall, it is into my arms.

HENRY.

Would you not be alarm'd at bullets quick flying,
The cries of the wounded, and shrieks of the dying?

SALLY.

Oh! no, my dear Henry, I never wou'd fear it,
And when by your side, courageous wou'd bear it.

BOTH.

Digitized by Google

BOTH.

Then since you're resolved, I will certainly do it,
By the assistance of Love, we never will rue it;
And if we're to fall, 'twill be mention'd in story,
That the one died for Love, and the other for Glory.

See,

Digitized by Google

See, with Rosy Banners Streaming.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED

TO

MRS. T. COOKE.

SEE, with rosy banners streaming,
Young-ey'd morn ascends the skies;
Why, dear FANNY, art thou dreaming?
Wake, my fair, my love, arise.

Break the silken bands of Morpheus,
Hark! aërial concerts flow;
Sweet, methinks, as lyre of Orpheus,
When he sought the shades below.

See, the lark, aloft is soaring,
Now with undulating strains;
Philomel, her fate deploring,
Charms the dear Erinian plains.

Change the soft somnif'rous pillow,
For yon meadow's rilly side;
Where the verdant branching Willow,
Stoops to kiss the passing tide.

Flora,

Digitized by Google

Flora, there her sweets disclosing,
Seems to chide the long delay;
Nature, all her charms exposing,
Calls thee——FANNY, come away?

Mine, and Nature's calls obeying,
Heart-felt transports thou shalt prove;
While the lambkins, round are playing,
And the linnets chaunt their love.

Come then, FANNY, charming creature,
Sooth the anguish of my breast;
Hear the voice of Love and Nature,
Bless thy THOMAS, and be blest.

SEQUEL.

Digitized by Google

SEQUEL

TO THE FAVOURITE SONG OF

"*The Ploughboy that whistled o'er the Lea.*"

REPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO

Miss E. BOSTON.

OH! how happy is my station,
As you may plainly see,
Since I found my true-love,
That whistled o'er the Lea;
I, from a little milk-maid,
Am rais'd to high degree,
And all by the little plough-boy,
That whistled o'er the Lea.

The

Digitized by Google

The other morn a milking,
As I was used to be,
I saw a pretty *Gemman*,
Come whistling o'er to me;
Says he, then, lovely MARY,
Tho' finely dress'd I be,
Don't you recollect the plough-boy,
That whistled o'er the Lea?

I blushing then reply'd, Sir,
Sure it cannot be,
That you're the little plough-boy,
That whistled o'er the Lea;
For dress'd in such fine laces,
And very gay you be,
You cannot be the cow-boy,
That was in love with me.

Oh, cruel! cruel Mary!
He then replied to me,
Thus to deny your WILLIAM,
Is this your love for me?
I could have married ladies,
With plenty of golden fee,
But I left them all for MARY,
That liv'd beyond the Lea.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then to the Church we'll go, now,
Say, MARY, shall it be ?
Ah ! don't refuse the plough-boy,
That was so true to thee !
I could not then refuse him,
But thought it best t' agree,
And be the wife of the plough-boy,
That whistled o'er the Lea.

HUSHABY,

Digitized by Google

HUSHABY, HUSHABY,

POOR SAILOR BOY!

WHEN darkness doth cover the boist'rous ocean,
And thunder, loud rattl'ing, comes from above;
The Sailor, undaunted, of fear has no notion,
No cares to perplex him, save that one of love!

Then Lullaby, lullaby, poor Sailor Boy!
No troubles perplex you, nor fears can annoy;
Nor stings of bad conscience your rest will destroy,
Then, hushaby, hushaby, poor Sailor Boy!

When engag'd with the foe, in the midst of the strife,
Still calm is his mind in the moment of danger;
To conquer's his glory, he cares not for life,
To slavery and fear he is equal a stranger:

Then lullaby, lullaby, poor Sailor Boy!
No stings of bad conscience your rest will destroy;
The troubles that perplex, and the fears that annoy,
Can never approach you, my brave Sailor Boy!

Digitized by Google

But should a bullet consign him to death,
Nothing in that moment will his conscience annoy;
His blessing, to KATE, he sends with his last breath,
Then flies to his seat in the kingdom of joy.

Then lullaby, lullaby, poor Sailor Boy!
No rude ruling passion could e'er you controul;
No terrors of death would your peace then annoy,
Sailor Boy! Sailor Boy! peace to thy soul!

WORDS

WORDS

TO THE AIR OF

"Bound Prentice to a Waterman."

THO' this high aspiring Corsican, makes monarchs to obey,
Yet, bless my heart, he never will make GEORGEY to knock under;
For at the *Nile*, my hearts of oak, upon that bloody day,
Brave NELSON! made him dread—Britannia's naval thunder.
Ri tol, fol, de rol, yoe ho, &c.

At Copenhagen too, he knows, who paid the reck'ning there,
Along with those proud Dons that came to his relief;
But the happiness of Britons made the lubber so to stare,
He never could be easy till he danc'd at Teneriffe.
Ri tol, &c.

Digitized by Google

There we made him dance, to music, which he often did before,
But still the monkey always had something at the bar:
And NELSON, knowing well his tricks, in a passion swore
That he'd give his back a scratching, which he did at Trafalgar.

Ri tol, &c.

And so he did, and scratch'd it well for this cunning blade,
And play'd a game, and won it fair, if I'm not mistaken,
For out of thirty men of war—*to his glory be it said,*
Only just for a remembrance, *twenty*—sure were taken.

Ri tol, &c.

So, you see, we've always conquer'd, yet he thinks that we're in grief,
Cause NELSON slipt his cable, we've as good as him in plenty,
Who will show themselves when next again—we catch the cunning thief,
And, without his leave, will only—take another twenty.

Ri tol, &c.

I ONCE

Digitized by Google

I ONCE LOVED A LASS.

I ONCE loved a lass that was handsome and sprightly,
Both virtuous and modest, I thought her to be;
She soon gain'd my heart, though she thought of it slightly,
And I found, tho' I lov'd her, she could not love me.

To gain this maid's heart, I used every endeavour,
That love could suggest, to a love-sick mind;—
She laugh'd at my vows, and call'd me a deceiver,
And told me, like justice, that love was quite blind.

I fell at her feet, and swore I ador'd her,
And that from me she'd taken my heart;
She told me, she knew, I no love could afford her,
And, with a look of disdain, from me did depart.

LITTLE

Digitized by Google

LITTLE BONNY ONE DAY,

TO THE FAVOURITE AIR OF

"The snug little Island."

LITTLE BONNY one day,
To TALLY did say,
Now certainly that is a sly land,
For all I can do
I can't make them rue,
They've united so strong in the island:
And O! I'm in love with the island,
I wish I was safe in the island;
If there I was just
I'd soon kick up a dust
And pull down the pride of the island.

TALLY, then made reply,
Why, indeed it's no lie,
That FREEDOM has her seat in the island;
Then you'd better not roam
So far now from home,
But give all thoughts up of the island:

So

Digitized by Google

So stay in your own little island,
And trample the slaves of your island;
But——if you go to Britain
You'd certainly fain
Be at home safe again in your island.

Then JOHN happen'd to hear
The plotting so clear,
That they had just made for his island;
Then, says he, by ST. GEORGE
Your stomachs I'll gorge,
With the physic I keep in the island:
As you are so in love with my island,
And nothing can do but my island;
For to quiet your ills
You shall have some of the pills
Of the purifi'd lead of the island.

Now, should BONNY come here,
He'll see what kind of cheer,
That we have for such folks in the island;
For our brave Volunteers,
Will him greet with three cheers
When once he sets foot in the island:
He shall have a high birth in the island,
Ne'er witnessed before in the island;
As he lays a great claim
To the title of Fame,
He shall hang high enough in the island.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales
Most Noble John Duke of Bedford
Her Grace Georgina Duchess of Bedford
Most Noble Charles Duke of Richmond,
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland..... 3
Her Grace Charlotte Duchess of Richmond 3
His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel..... 10
Most Noble Duke of Leinster..... 4
Marquis of Tavistock..... 10
Marchioness of Tavistock..... 10
Marquis of Abercorn..... 3
Marquis of Headfort..... 3
Marquis of Drogheda..... 3

Rt.

Digitized by Google

Rt. Hon. Earl of Harrington, Commander in Chief..... 20
Rt. Hon. Earl of Charlemont..... 2
Rt. Hon. Earl of Howth..... 2
Rt. Hon. Earl of Arran..... 3
Rt. Hon. Earl of Fingall..... 3
Rt. Hon. Earl of Erne
Rt. Hon. Lord Norbury..... 3
Rt. Hon. Lord Rossmore..... 3
Rt. Hon. Lord Edward Somerset..... 3
Rt. Hon. Lady De Vesci
Rt. Hon. Lord Ashtown..... 3
Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Monck..... 3
Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Powerscourt
Rt. Hon. Viscountess Dowager of Powerscourt
Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Elphin..... 20
Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Kilmore..... 6
Rt. Hon. Countess Clanwilliam..... 3
Rt. Hon. Countess of Fingall..... 2
Rt. Hon. Lady H. Osborne
Major Osborne

Rt.

Digitized by Google

Rt. Hon. Lady Walscourt..... 2
Rt. Hon. Lord Lifford..... 3
Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor [Darley]..... 2
Rt. Hon. Lady Viscountess Ranelagh
Rt. Hon. Sir A. Wellesley..... 3
Lady Wellesley..... 3
Rt. Hon. H. Grattan, M. P..... 12
Rt. Hon. David La Touche..... 3
Rev. George Hall, D. D. Provost..... 10
Rev. Archdeacon Herbert..... 2
Rev. Archdeacon Smith..... 2
Hon. St. George Caufield..... 2
Hon. Baron Smith..... 3
Hon. Baron George..... 3
Hon. Colonel Gore..... 2
Hon. Miss Hales..... 2
Master Philip Yorke Gore..... 2
Hon. John Bourke, Glinsk..... 3
Lieut. Col. Blake..... 2
Hon. Miss Toler
Master of the Rolls..... 3
Hon. Hector Graham Toler..... 7

Hon.

Digitized by Google

Hon. Amelia Wingfield
His Majesty's Attorney General..... 3
Hon. Mr. Hewitt
His Majesty's Solicitor General..... 3
J. Trail, Esq..... 2
Hon. Mrs. Trail..... 2
Hon. P. Moore..... 2
Sir Hercules Langrishe, Knt..... 3
Sir E. B. Littlehales, Knt..... 4
Sir Charles Vernon, Knt..... 2
George Vernon, Esq..... 2
General Vallancey..... 2
Major Cane
Dean of Killaloe
Mrs. Deane
Capt. Reed..... 5
John La Touche, Jun. Esq. M. P..... 2
George La Touche, Esq..... 2
Robt. Shaw, Esq. M. P.
Alderman Archer..... 2
Alderman Trevor
Alderman John Claudius Beresford..... 6

William

Digitized by Google

A

William Armit, esq. Fitzwilliam-street
Mrs Armit
Miss Armit
Thomas Dawson Atkinson, esq.
R. Armstrong, esq. Ormond-Quay
Samuel Aickin, esq. Hume-st. 2
Thos. Abbot, esq. St. Andrew-street 2
Mrs. Armstrong, Bolton-street
Mr. Anderson, Sackville-street
Mr. J. Anderson, Capel-street 2
Mr. N. Adams, Parliament-st. 2
Mr. Wm. Atkinson, Werburgh-street 2
Surgeon Adrine 2
Mr. Peter Adams, Capel-st. 2
Mr. Allard, Dame-street
Mr. Wm. S. Ambrose, Trinity-street 2
Mr. Robert Atkinson, Spittal-fields 2
J. B. Alloway, esq.
Mr. R. Atkins, Paradise-row 2
John Atkinson, esq. Ely-place 2
Mr. Allpress, Abbey-street
E. Armstrong, esq. Paradise-row
Mr. A. Allen, Britain-street
Rev. —— Armstrong, Britain-street

B

Michael Byrne, esq. Eustace-st.
J. Byrne, esq. Byrne's-hill
R. Bamber, esq. Fleet-street
T. Beasley, esq. Grenville-st.
E. F. Boyse, esq. Frederick-street
G. Beaumont, esq. Fishamble-street
G. Brooke, esq. Marlborough-street
Mr. Browne, Britain-st.
Mr. E. Bonham, Gardiner-st.
Mr. I. J. Boileau, Bride-street
Mr. Berford, Coombe
Mr. Brady, Philipsboro Avenue
Mr. Browne, Leixlip
Mr. G. H. Bracken
Mr. Bennet, Strand-street
Mr. Breene, Strand-street
Mr. Thomas Boyle, Abbey-st.
Mr. George Boyle
Irvine Bayley, esq. 2
Mr. W. Bayley, Anglesea-street
Mrs. Bayley, Grafton-st
Mrs. Ann Binns, Dame-street
Mr. Boylan, Grafton-street 2
Mr. Brady, Dame-street 2
Mr. Butler, Grafton-street 2
Mr. Briscoe, Bridge-street 2
J. Beglin, esq. Grafton-street 2
Mr. Brophy, Capel-street 2
Mr. James Brady, New-row 2

Digitized by Google

Mr. J. Bishop, Fleet-street
Mr. B. Bourke, Usher's-island
James Bickerstaff, esq. Mecklinburgh-street 2
Miss Julia Bell, Usher's-quay 2
Richard Burneth, esq. Stafford-street 2
Miss C. Birkett, Sackville-st. 2
John Bourne, esq. William-st.
Robert Ball, esq. William-st.
James Byrne, esq. Gardiner-st 2
G. Bell, esq. Dawson-street 4
R. Beauchamp, esq. Baggot-st 2
Dr. Beatty, S. Anne-street 2
G. Bennet, esq. College-green 2
Mr. John Bryman, Usher's-island 2
Mr. Booth, Exchequer-street
John Burnett, esq. Mecklinburgh-street 2

C

S. Costigan, esq. Thomas-street
J. Costigan, esq. Queen-street
Edward Conlan, esq. 2
G. Connor, esq. Fownes's-st. 2
Mr. Codd, Britain-street, Bookseller 25
Mr. Corley, Abbey-street
Precious, Clarke, esq. Bride-st. 2
W. Clarke, esq. Werburgh-st. 2
James Clarke, esq. Granby-row
Jonathan Clarke, esq. Aungier-street,
Richard Clarke, esq. Stephen's-green
Mr. Nicholas Clarke, Capel-street
William Clarke, esq. N. King-street
A. Conroy, esq. Athy
J. Cox, esq.
J. Clinton, esq.
J. Casey, esq. Maynooth
J. Crosby, esq. North-wall
J. Comerford, esq. Dame-st.
Hugh Cuming, esq. Anglesea-street
W. Cuming, esq. Clare-street
Mr. M. Cummins, James's-st.
Mr. P. Cummins, James's-st.
Mr. B. Cummins, Thomas-street
Mr. William Cummins, Phœnix-Park
Mrs. Wm. Cummins.
Mr. Wm. Cummins, Britain-street
Mr. J. Cummins, Sackville-st
Mr. Coleman, Church-street
Mr. Callaghan, Dorset-street
Mr. Thos. Connor, Dorset-street
Mr. Codd, Aungier-street
Mr. J. Codd, Abbey-street
Mr. Carroll, Britain-street
Mr. H. Coffey, Gregg's-lane 2
Mr. Edward Crofton
Mr. Cassin, Abbey-street 2
Mr. P. Clare, Britain-street
Mr. Campion, Green-street 2
Mr. Champion, Mabbot-street
Mrs. Champion, Mabbot-street
Mr. Cross, Bookseller, Bridge-st.

Mr.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Wm. Casey, Nassau-street
Mr. P. Corr, Bride's-alley
Mr. N. Costello
Mr. Clarendon, Westmoreland-street 2
Mr. Callaghan, Mary-street 2
Mr. Campsie, Corn-market
Mr. T. S. Cranwill, S. King-street 2
Mr. Channell, N. King-street 2
Mr. Connaty, Patrick-street
Luke Cassidy, esq. Sheffield, Queen's County.
Mr. J. Caffrey
Mr. R. Clifford, Apothecary, St. George's-street
J. Campbell, esq.
Mr. J. Cullen, Barrack-street
Mr. T. Carney, Apothecary, N. King-street.
Mr. N. Craven, Apothecary, Dawson-street 2
Rev. —— Cosgrove, French-st.
Mr. T. Caffrey, Spittalfields
Richard Cahill, esq. Ormond-quay 2
Mr. Thomas Colclough, Stoney-batter
Mr. P. Coffey, Bolton-street 2
Mr. Thomas Clinch, Britain-street 2
Doctor Carter, Mecklinburgh-st.
Rev. J. A. Coughlan, Gloucester-place 2
John Carthand, esq. Harcourt-street 2
John Cary, esq. William-street 2
John Carrol, esq. T. C. D.
Matthew Crosbie, esq. Sackville-street
Mr. Charles, Bookseller 12
Mr. Coyne, Bookseller 12
Rev. —— Cotton, William-st.
William H. Carter, Ely-place
Mr. Cooper, Mountjoy Square
Mr. Charles Colgan, Thomas-st.
G. Cosier, esq. Dominick-st. 2
Mr. Corbett, Britain-street

D.

R. Darling, esq. Townsend-street
L. Desmond, esq.
N. Dixon, esq. County Wexford
R. Dornan, esq. Mullingalick
J. Dawson, esq.
Mr. J. P. Doyle, Church-street
Mr. L. Doyle, Crampton-court
Mr. L. Dogeworth, Dorset-street
Mr. C. Dannely, George's-street 2
Mr. E. Dugan, Sackville-street
Mr. D'Arcey, N. Earl-street 2
Mr. Duffy, Gt. Britain-street
Mr. Duffy, Moore-street
Mr. Doherty, Capel-street
Mr. Dunn, Leinster-lodge
Mr. D. Dunn, Dorset-street
Mr. M. Dunn, Clarendon-street
Mr. M. Dunn, Swift's-row
Mr. R. Drake, Capel-street
Mr. Drake, Little Mary-street
Mr. Dyas, Henry-street 2
Mr. Andrew Devitt, Gardiner's-place

Mr.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Francis Dewitt
Master Henry Dewitt
Mr. C. Dykes, Bolton-street
Mrs. Dickinson, Sackville-street
Mr. Develin, Bank-lane 1
Mr. Drew, E. Arran-street 2
Mr. Deasy, Capel-street 1
Mr. Drew, Castle-street 1
Mr. J. Duff, Barrack-street
Mr. J. Donovan, Townsend-st.
Laurence Dooley, esq. 20. Henry
John Davis, esq. Arran-quay 2
P. Daly, esq. Gt. Britain-st.
G. Dreaver, Abbey-street 2
John Dempsey, esq. Abbey-st.
Mr. Dugdale, Bookseller 12
Mr. E. Dillon, Bolton-street
Mr. S. Dyas, Dorset-street
J. Duncan, esq. Granby-row 2
Mrs. Devine, Britain-street
J. Daly, esq. Gt. Charles-st. 1
Surgeon Doyle, Usher's-island 2
Henry Dawson, esq. Sackville-street 2
Edmond D'Arcy, esq.

E

Samuel Eastwood, esq. Jervis-st.
D. Egan, esq. James's-street
D. R. Egan, esq.
George Ellis, esq.
Mrs. Edwin, Crow-street
Mrs. Ennis, Chabbs-street
Mr. Elliot, Mary's-abbey
Mr. W. M. Eason, Abbey-st.
Mr. Ennis, New-row
Mr. Egan, N. King-street
J. English, esq. N. Earl-street 2
P. Ennis, esq. Dawson-street
Mrs. R. Egan, Capel-street. 2
Thos. Ellis, esq. Merrion-square
Moore Eichin, esq. Sackville-st. 1

F

Wm. Furlong, sen. esq. Mansion-street
Mr. Wm. Furlong, jun.
John Furlong, esq. Leeson-st.
E. J. B. Fitzsimons, esq. T. C. D.
Captain Fees 2
Thos. Flood, esq. James's-street 2
R. M. Fraser, esq. Henry-street 2
R. Fyan, esq.
R. Franklin, esq.
Mr. Edward Ferrell, Stephen-st.
Mr. Fitzpatrick, Bookseller 12
Master P. Fitzpatrick, Capel-st.
Mr. Figgis, Bookseller 6
Messrs. Fleming & Phelan 2
Mr. Fry, Dame-street 2
Mr. Flanagan, Mary-street
Mr. Thomas Farley, Dame-st.
J. Farrell, esq. Britain-street
Mr. Richard Farrell, Ormond-quay 2
Mr. J. Franklin, S. George's-st. 2
Mr. Wm. Fallows, Grafton-st. 2
Mr. Flanagan, Dame-court.
Mr. Flinn, Liffey-street
Mr. Finn, Abbey-street
Mr. Fay, Cole's-lane
Mr. Fallam, Abbey-street

Miss

Digitized by Google

Miss E. A. F——y
Mr. Fitzgerald, College-green
Mr. Thomas Fay, Temple-bar
Mr. R. Fitzgibbon, Bookseller 12
Mrs. Foster, Mount-street
P. C. Finucane, esq. Jervis-st.
John Finn, esq. Arran-quay 2
M. Franks, esq. York-street 2
A. Frayer, esq. Holles-street
Dr. Forrester, Abbey-street 2
Samuel Fowler, esq. King's-st. 2
P. Fitzpatrick, esq. Capel-street 2
Mrs. E. Franklin

G

A. Guiness, esq. James's-st.
Mrs. Grace, Fitzwilliam-st.
Miss Grace,
E. Grace, esq. Prospect, Birr 2
J. Grace, esq. Mount-street
Mr. S. Gresham
J. H. Greaves, esq. 2
T. E. Green, esq. Exchequer-st.
Messrs. Gilbert & Hodges, Booksellers
Mr. Thomas Gorman, Hardwick-street
Mr. Michael Gornon
Mrs. Gibson, Dawson-street
Mr. Grogan, Gregg's-lane
Mrs. Grogan, Abbey-street
Mr. Glennon, Abbey-street
Mr. Griffith, Moore-street
Mr. Glynn, Moore-street
Mr. J. Gorman, Westmorland-street
Mr. Gorman, Townsend-st.
Mr. Gough, Meath-street 3
P. Gibbons, esq. S. George's-st.
J. Gibbons, esq. Dame-street
Mr. Wm. Glenton, Mary-st. 2
Mr. Wm. Glynn, Church-st.
Messrs. Greenwood & Co. London
Mr. M. Griffith, Sackville-st.
Mr. H. Goggin
J. Grier, esq. Hardwick-street
C. Gibbons, esq. Hendrick-st.
W. B. Gannon, esq. Bridge-st. 2
Rev. —— Goff, Eccles's-street 2
C. Graham, esq. Church-street 2
J. Green, esq. Arran-quay 2
S. Gatchell, esq. Usher's-quay 2
Miss M— F— G——, Harcourt-street
M. Green, esq. St. Andrew's-st.
Mr. P. Griffith, Chatham-street 2
Master M. Gaynor

H

E. Hendrick, esq. Dominick-st. 2
J. Hartley, esq. York-street
D. Hinchey, esq. Rockvale
E. Hayes, esq. M. R. I. A.
J. Havey, esq. Thomas-court
M. Harris, esq.
R. Haig, esq. Donnybrook
Mr. Hamy, Eustace-street
Mr. H. Hodgens, 5th Dragoon Guards
Mr. Wm. Hull, Merrion-row
Mr. J. Hanlon, John's-lane

Digitized by Google

Mr. S. Hatch, Exchequer-street
Mr. Hickson, College-green
Mr. Haley
Mr. J. E. Hamilton, Arran-st.
Mr. G. Hill, S. George's-street 2
Mr. R. Henry, Dame-street 2
Mr. Hawkaley, Parliament-st. 2
Mr. Henshall, Bookseller 12
Mr. C. Holmes, Ormond-quay 2
Mr. T. Hussey, Bookseller 10
M. Henley esq.
J. Hogan, esq.
Mr. W. Hayes, Bridge-street
Mr. E. Hay, Church-street
Mr. Wm. Hayes, Winetavern-street
Mr. Hardiman, Townsend-st.
Mr. Hines, Tighe-street
J. Hickey, esq. Britain-street
Mr. Howel, Molesworth-st.
Mrs. Henley, Dame-street
H. Hook, esq. co. Dublin
G. Hamilton, esq. Skinner-st. London
Wm. C. Hogan, esq.
E. Hams, esq. Dawson-street
P. Humphreys, Gt. Britain-st. 2
G Hewson, esq. Chatham-street
Mrs. Hamilton, Temple-street
J. Hillas, esq. Abbey-street 2
Thos. Heen, esq. Westland-row 2
Miss. H——n, Nassau-street 2
M. Hicky, esq. Beresford-st.
Mr. Harvey, Abbey-street
Thos. Huddleston, esq. Earl-st.
Miss P. K. Huddleston, London
Mrs. A. V. Horton, Suffolk-st.
P. Hayes, esq. Westmorland-st.
Capt. Harper, R. N. Russell-st. 2
Mr. Denis Hayes 2
J. Hutton, esq. Summer-hill 2
Mrs. Hutton, James's-street 3
Mr. T. Highland, Britain-street
W. H. A. C. S. T. Hautenville, esq. Dorset-street

J

T. Johnston, esq. Gardiner-st.
H. Johnston, esq. Theatre-royal
F. E. Jones, esq. Fortix-grove
R. Jones, esq. Covent-garden, London
Mr. Judge, Moore-street 2
Mr. C. Jenny, Marlborough-st.
Mr. Jackson, Bookseller 2
J. Jameson, esq. York-street
Surgeon A. Johnston, Capel-st.
J. Jones, esq. Dominick-street

K

H. Kelly, esq. co. Galway
Mr. M. Kelly, Sackville-street
Mr. L. Kelly, James's-street
Mr. Kelly, Bridgefoot-st.
Mr. Keightley, Inn's-quay 3
Mr. Kennedy, Stephen's-green
Mr. Kennedy, Abbey-street
Mr. J. Kennedy, Granby-row
Mr. P. King, Sackville-street
Mr. J. Kearns, Nassau-street
Mr. J. King, Marlborough-st.
Mr. P. Kinsley, Bolton-street
Master Keane, Cole's-lane

E. D.

Digitized by Google

E. D. Keough, esq. Mountjerome
N. Killdall, esq. 2
Mr. Kinahan, Capel-street 2
Master Kavanagh, Capel-street
Mr. P. Kearns, Bridge-street 2
Mr. King, Stephen's-green 3
Mr. Kearney, Britain-street
Mr. Keon, Arran-quay
Mr. Kinsley, Dorset-street 2
J. Kelly, esq. Brunswick-street 2
Mr. A. Kearney
Mr. Killin, Townsend-street
Mr. Kernan, Capel-street
Mrs. Kavanagh
H. Kirchhoffer, esq. Henry-st. 2
Rev. T. Kingsburry, A. M. Vicar of Kilberry
Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Russel-street 2

L

R. Law, esq.
Mr. Lyons, John's-lane
Wm. Law, esq. Sackville-street
Mr. C. Leake, Chatham-street
— Lowndes, esq. Grenville-street
J. Lawless, esq. French-street
— Lawless, esq. Mill-street
Mr. Lyng, City-quay
Mr. R. Lewin, Abbey-street
Mr. M. Long, Westmorland-st. 2
Mr. E. Lynch, Bachelor's-walk
Mr. Lynch, Bachelor's-walk
Mr. P. Lynch, Ormond-quay
Mr. P. Lalouette, Prince's-st. 2
W. Ledwich, esq. Harcourt-st.
H. Law, esq. Beresford-street
Mr. T. Leech, Kildare-street
W. Lowe, esq. Mallistown, co. Kilkenny
T. Lloyd, esq. Merrion-square
Dr. Lentaigne, Dominick-street
Mrs. E. Long, Marlborough-st. 2
R. Longford, esq. 2
J. C. Lyons, esq. Ormond-quay

M

M. Maher, esq. Gt. George's-st.
J. Mills, esq. Capel-street 2
Dr. T. Mills, Dominick-street
M. Mills, esq. Dominick-street
T. Molony, esq. Britain-street 2
C. Molony, esq. Gloucester-st.
Mrs. Molony, Gloucester-street
Miss C. Molony, Gloucester-st.
Mr. M'Clune 2
Mr. M'Evoy, Abbey-street 2
Mr. Murray, Black-pitts
J. Murphy, esq. New-Ross
E. Murphy, esq. Bride-street
Mr. E. Murphy, Skinner-row
Mr. C. Murphy, James's-street 3
B. J. Madden, esq. Abbey-st.
G. Moore, esq. Essex-street
J. F. Madden, esq. Abbey-st.
Mr. M'Auley 2
Mr. Moriarty, Nassau-street
R. M'Cann, esq. Cambden-st.
T. Molesworth, esq.
Mr. M'Mahon, Abbey-street
Mr. M'Gauran, Patrick-street
Mr. Morgan, Church-street
Mr. J. Murtha, Britain-street

Mr.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Murphy
Mr. Masterson, Gregg's-lane
Mr. M'Mahon
Mr. Moran, Sackville-street
Mr. Mulligan, Henry-steeet
Mr. J. Mulholm
Mr. Metcalf, Inn's-quay 2
Mr. J. M'Namara
Mr. Martin, Exchequer-street
Mr. W. Morgan, Ormond-quay 2
Mr. Meehan, Ormond-quay
Messrs. Morris & Kathreen, Booksellers 7
Mr. Mason, Clarendon-street 2
Mr. Milliken, Parliament-street
Mr. C. Moore, Dame-street
Mr. C. R. Moore, Bolton-street
Mr. Meredith, Earl-street
J. Molloy, esq. Ormond-quay 2
J. Mallet, esq. Ryder's-row 2
Mr. T. Murray, Stephen's-green 2
Mr. P. Murray, Grafton-street
Mr. J. Murray, Grafton-street
J. Malone, esq. Essex-gate 2
Mr. M'Namara, Smock-alley
Mr. J. M'Laughlin, St. Andrew-street 2
Mr. A. M'Mullen, Capel-street
Mr. J. M'Carthy, Camden-st.
Mr. P. M'Dermott, Jervis-st.
Mr. Morgan, Bride-street 2
Mr. M'Evoy, Aungier-street 2
Mr. Milliken, Bookseller 6
Mr. J. Madden, New-row
Mr. M'Donnell, Merchant's-quay 2
Mr. M'Dowall
Mr. C. J. M'Donald, Arran-quay
Mr. R. Maher, King-street
J. B. Molloy, esq. T. C. D.
P. M'Donagh, esq. Eccle's-street
J. Macabe, esq. Usher's-island
J. M'Donnell, esq. Stafford-st.
Rev. E. Martin, York-street
L. M'Nally, esq. Harcourt-st. 2
H. M'Doughall, esq. Harcourt-street [house
R. Montgomery, esq. Custom-
Mr. J. M'Gloin, Britain-street
W. Marshall, esq. Cambden-st.
J. Murphy, esq. Britain-street
Mr. F. M'Dermott, Abbey-st.
Mrs. M. M'Cally, Moore-street
Mrs. S. Malcolm, Gt. Ship-st.
J. Meyler, esq. Suffolk-street
A. Morgan, esq. Henry-street 2
Mr. A. Morrison, Dawson-st. 2
A. M'Caull, esq. Abbey-street
P. Meehan, esq.
A. Montgomery, esq. Hume-st.
B. Maziere, esq. 4
Mr. B. M'Auley, Dorset-street

N

L. Nihell, esq. L. Liffey-street
Rev. James Nelligan
J. Nowlan, esq. Moore-street
Mrs. Nichol, Capel-street
Mr. E. Nugent, Dorset-street 3
Mr. T. Naylor, Britain-street 2
Mr. Nelson, William-street
Mr. Nicholson, Moore-street 2
Mrs. M. Nelson, Dorset-street
H. Nellis, esq. S. Frederick-st. 2

Mr.

Digitized by Google

Mr. J. Neil, Capel-street
Mrs. Newcomen, Stephen's-green

O

T. Oxley, esq. Merchant's-quay
Mr. Owenson 2
Miss Owenson 2
K. O'Brien, esq. 2
C. O'Keeffe, esq. Army Account-office
Mr. M. O'Connor, Essex-street
Mrs. O'Connor, Essex-street
Miss O'Connor, Essex-street
Mr. O'Donnell, Dame-street 2
Mr. P. O'Neil, Bridge-street 2
Mr. Ogle, Leinster-street 2
Mr. R. O'Donnell, Bachelor's-walk 2
Mr. J. O'Neil, Moore-street
D. O'Meagher, esq.
L. Ogilby, esq. Dorset-street
Mr. J. O'Dowd, Coolavin, co. Sligo
Miss M. O'Rourke, Marlborough-street
Mr. A. Oldham, Abbey-street
B. O'Connell, esq. Westland-row 2
E. O'Brien, esq. Capel-street 2
H. Otwell, esq. Beresford-place
J. G. Oben, esq. Marlborough-street
Mr. O'Donnell, Thomas-street

P

K. Purdy, esq. Ormond-quay
J. Power, esq. Thomas-street
J. Plunket, esq.
Mr. Pittman, Suffolk-street 2
Mr. Pattison, Capel-street
J. Paterson, esq. Westmorland-street
Mr. T. Pim, William-street
Mr. J. Prim, Townsend-street
W. Pike, esq. Fleet-street
Mr. J. Phelan, Thomas-street
A. Perrin, esq. Jervis-street
Mr. T. Purdon
Miss M. Paterson, Sackville-st.
N. Phepoe, esq. Townsend-st.
J. Partington, esq. York-street 2
Mrs. Pim, Aungier-street
Master J. M. Pim
G. Paul, esq. Merrion-street 2
Mr. A. Pusterla, S. George's-street
S. J. Pittar, esq. Abbey-street 2
Dr. Pentland, Marlborough-st.
P. Philipps, esq. Theatre-royal
W. Parks, esq. Usher's-island 4
J. Pim, esq. James's-street
S. Palmer, esq. James's-gate
G. Pepper, esq. co. Armagh
J. Pepper, esq. Mountjoy-square

Q

W. Quirk, esq. Greek-street
R. Quinton, esq. Ormond-quay 2
Miss C. Quick, Townsend-st.
Surgeon Quinlan, Westmorland-street

Digitized by Google

R

S. Rosborough, esq. 2
R. Roe, esq. Bellview
N. Roe, esq. Bellview
M. Roach, esq. Townsend-st.
Mr. G. Reynolds, Black-rock
Mr. E. Reynolds, Henry-street
Mr. C. Rooney, Watling-street
Mr. J. Roarke, Aston's-quay
J. Rainsford, esq. Abbey-street
W. Rotheram, esq. Summer-hill
P. C. Rooney, esq. Meath-street
Mr. C. Rooney, Smithfield
Mr. Raye, Strand-street
Mr. A. Richey, Dame-street
Mr. H. Ribton
H. Roe, esq. M. D. Aungier-st.
Mr. M. Reilly, N. King-street 2
Mr. J. Reilly, Thomas-street 2
Mr. H. Russell, Eustace-street 2
Mr. M. Richmond 2
Mr. B. Reynolds, Bride-street 2
P. Reilly, esq. Eccles's-street
G. Roycroft, esq. Henry-street
Mrs. Ryan, William-street
J. Renshaw, jun. esq. Ormond-quay
J. Riddall, esq. Suffolk-street
T. R. Robinson, esq. T. C. D.
Mrs. Rowley, Gardiner-street 2
Mr. Reid, Gloucester-street

S

W. B. Swan, esq. 6
H. C. Sirr, esq.
J. Stein, esq. Marrowbone-lane 4
T. Sherlock, esq.
J. Story, esq.
E. Shaw, esq. A. B. T. C. D. Frederick-street
Mr. Sullivan
M. Sweetman, esq. Gt. George's-street
M. Sweetman, esq. Eccles's-st.
R. Sayers, esq.
J. Stewart, esq. Townsend-st.
J. Stroker, esq. Ormond-quay
J. Stewart, esq. Townsend-st.
Mr. Skalan, Ship-street
C. Strong, esq. A. B. T. C. D.
Mr. Sweney
Rev. G. B. Stewart, O. S. F.
Mr. W. Stafford, New-street
Mr. Spellman, Queen-street
R. Sutter, esq. Usher's-quay
P. Skerries, esq. Ercourt, co. Galway.
Mr. Short, Denmark-street
Mr. Sheal, N. King-street 2
Mr. Stewart, L. Liffey-street 2
Mr. J. Singlehurst, Dame-street
Mr. V. Sinnett, S. Gt. George's-street
A. M. Simkins, esq. T. C. D.
Miss C. Savage, Capel-street

Master,

Digitized by Google

Master P. Savage
Mr. W. Stanley, Sackville-street
Mr. Segrave, Britain-street
Mr. T. Smart, Kilmainham
Mr. Simpson, Sackville-street 2
Mr. A. Sinnett
Mr. S. Savage, Back-lane
Mr. A. Sinnett, Kevin-street
Mr. F. Stoyte, Bolton-street
Mr. Sutton, Stafford-street 2
R. Spear, esq. Capel-street 2
J. Stephens, esq. Bachelor's-walk 2
Rev. Dr. Stewart, Grenville-st. 2
Surgeon Swan, Cumberland-st. 2
Dr. Sheridan, Usher's quay
J. Sullivan, esq. Dorset-street 2
D. Smyth, esq. College-green 2
Mr. J. Stevenson, St. Andrew's-street
W. Smyth, esq. Harcourt-st. 2
Mr. M. Smyth, St. Andrew's-st. 2
Mrs. E. Sweetman, Mary-street 2
Miss M. & A. S——n, Sackville-street
A. Sproule, esq. T. C. D.
J. Smiley, esq. Baggot-street 2
B. H. Sherrard, jun. esq.
G. Stapleton, esq.
S. Spear, esq. Dorset-street
M. Smyth, esq. Townsend-st.
Mr. J. Sharman, Dawson-street

T

J. Tew, esq. Dominick-street
R. Thompson, esq. Chancery-lane 2
A. Thompson, esq. Chancery-lane 2
L. Teeling, esq. Thomas-street
Mr. J. Tobin, Moore-street
Mr. Tighe, Dorset-street
Mr. N. Tighe, Pill-lane 2
Mr. R. Twigg, Bookseller 5
Mr. R. Taylor, Westmorland-st.
Mr. Tully, Henry-street
Mr. Thwaites, Marlborough-st. 2
E. Taylor, esq. Mountjoy-square 2
W. Taylor, esq. Digges-street 2
B. Thomas, jun. esq. Pembrook-street 2
Miss C. M. B. Travers, Stephen's-green 2
G. Thompson, esq. Ely-place
G. Thompson, esq.
Miss M. C. Towe, Britain-st.
Dr. Trevor 2

U

H. Upton, esq. Gt. George's-st.

W

Rev. H. Whyte, S. Frederick-st.
E. A. Whyte, esq. Grafton-st.
R. Williams, esq. Dame-street
H. Walsh, esq. Abbey-street
Mr. M. Walsh, Fishamble-st.
G. Whistler, esq. S. Frederick-street

Digitized by Google

J. Walsh, esq. Sir J. Rogerson's-quay
R. Warren, esq. Jervis-street
Mr. P. Whitsted, Abbey-street
Commissariat Weekes
Mr. Waters, Britain-street
Mr. Samuel S. Whyte
Ensign J. H. Watson
Mr. Weldon, George's-street 2
Mr. Whelan, Denmark-street
Mr. J. Weldon
Mr. Wesman, Bridge-street
Mr. Warde, Sackville-street
Mr. Williams, Grafton-street
C. Waddy, esq. Fitzwilliam-st. 2
Mr. Wilkinson, Aungier-street 2
Mr. H. Whyte, Mary's-abbey
H. Whyte, esq. James's-street
Mrs. U. Walsh, Gardiner-st.
T. J. Whyte, Gloucester-street
W. L. Walker, esq. Stafford-st. 2
Dr. Willwimier, William-street 2
J. H. Walker, esq. Grafton-st.
J. Whitcraft, esq. Meath-street
F. Wemyss, esq. Mount-street 2
Mrs. Wilson, Exchequer-street
R. Webb, esq. Dame-street 2
Mr. R. Wilson, Britain-street
Mr. W. Whitehead, Mary-street
J. White, esq. Mount-street
J. Wolf, esq. Aungier-street

The following Subscribers came too late to be inserted regularly:

Hon. Eyre Coote
His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam..... 10
Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Raphoe..... 5

Mr. J. Bott, College-green 2
Mr. J. Clarke, Gt. Britain-st. 2
Mr. P. Walsh, N. King-street
Mr. E. Mullen, Exchange-st.
Mr. J. Greene, Castle-market
Mr. J. Gosson, Bolton-street 2
Mr. F. Leonard, Man of War
Mr. Byrne, Abbey-street 2
Mr. P. Hayes, Hammond-lane 2
Rev. Dr. Dobbin
R. Woods, esq. Bow-lane
Dr. Myddleton
Mr. Black
R. Slater, esq. Hammond-lane 2
Mr. Mason, Arran-quay
Mr. J. Considine, co. Clare
Mrs. M. Murray 2
Mr. C. Wetherelf, late Surgeon of the Navy 2
— Beatty, esq. Surgeon on board the Victory
Mr. Bourke, Purser of the Victory. 1
Rev. Dr. Troy 2
Rev. Dr. Beatty
C. Gautier, esq. Dominick-st.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

LETTER to his Grace John Duke of Bedford

Dialogue between Critic, Author and Book . . v

Preface viii

Address to the Nobility and Gentry x

Ode on the death of Lord Viscount Nelson . . 13

Epitaph on the death of Lord Nelson 18

Eulogium to the memory of Nelson 19

Ode on the death of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt 20

Ode on the death of the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox . . 23

Sacred to the memory of illustrious Fox . . . 26

Ode on the death of the Duke of Leinster . . . 27

Sacred to the memory of the Duke of Leinster . 28

Ode on the late Robert E—— 29

Ode on a departed Friend 31

On the death of a young Lady 33

Ode

Digitized by Google

Ode on the death of Lord A. Gordon 34
An Address to Freedom 35
To Hibernia 36
Lines on the death of a Lovely Boy 37
—— *addressed to Winter* 38
—— *to the Militia of Ireland* 39
Liberty 40
Lines sacred to the memory of the Countess Dowager of Moira 42
Epitaph to the memory of the Countess Dowager of Moira 50
Stanzas to Morning 51
On the birth of Master John O'Connor . . . 53
The Rambler 54
Lines written at the Cottage, Phœnix-park . . 56
St. Patrick's Day, an Ode 57
Lines presented to His Grace John Duke of Bedford, on the birth of his Son Lord C. J. Fox Russell 59
—— *addressed to the Most Noble Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond* 61
—— *addressed to Her Grace Charlotte, Duchess of Richmond* 64
—— *addressed to the Rt. Hon. H. Grattan* . . 66
On the departure of Sir A. Wellesley 70

Stanzas

Digitized by Google

Stanzas to Evening 72
Lines addressed to Sir C. Vernon, Knt. . . . 74
On seeing a portrait of George III. 75
Lines addressed to R. Shaw, Esq. M. P. . . . 76
—— *addressed to John La Touche, jun. Esq.* . 78
—— *addressed to T. Moore, Esq.* 80
To Maria 82
Lines addressed to Master P. Y. Gore 83
—— *addressed to the Most Noble Francis, Earl of Huntingdon and Moira* 86
—— *written on hearing the air-blown threats of the Corsican Tyrant* 89
—— *written at Tinnahinch* 91
The Despairing Lover 93
The Sailor's Tale 95
Lines inscribed to Master Henry Devitt . . . 99
To Religion 101
Lines addressed to a Philanthrophist 102
The Choice 104
Lines on the death of Thomas Dermody 106
Written on seeing the Tragedy of La Didone . . 108
Lines addressed to a young Lady 109
—— *respectfully inscribed to Mrs. M. A. Fowler* 111

Digitized by Google

SONGS.

Words to the favourite air of "O! say simple "maid," addressed to Mr. Philipps . . . 113
"See with Rosy Banners Streaming," addressed to Mrs. T. Cooke 116
Sequel to the favourite Song of "The Plough Boy," addressed to Miss E. Boston 118
Hushaby, Hushaby, poor Sailor Boy 121
Words to the air of "Bound Prentice to a Water-"man," 123
I once Loved a Lass 125
Little Bonny one Day, to the favourite air of "The snug little Island" 130

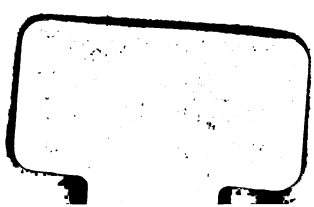
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google